

THE IDYLLS OF  
THEOCRITUS  
AND THE  
ECLOGUES OF VIRGIL

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH  
VERSE BY

C S CALVERLEY

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
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FRAGMENT FROM THE BERENICE  
EPIGRAMS AND EPITAPHS

## VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES

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## INTRODUCTION.

IT was a happy thought to publish in a form separate from the whole works of Calverley, his translation of the Idylls of Theocritus and the Eclogues of Virgil. Perhaps no poems which have come down to us from the ancient world—certainly none of the comparatively small compass which the Idylls and the Eclogues embrace—have more completely won their way into the minds and hearts of British readers. Only ten Greek books were printed before Aldus began his fruitful labours, and only two of them were poets. Those two were Homer and Theocritus. In many respects they may be called the Alpha and Omega of Greek poetry. Though the Syracusan singer cannot claim a niche in the Temple of Fame as majestic as that of the incomparable Chian, yet it

istic specimen of the consummate art of the poet and of the taste and skill of the translator, I would point to the passage where Simaetha describes to her handmaid Thestylis the first visit of the young athlete whom she had summoned to cure her love sickness

*Bethink thee mistress Moon whence came my love*  
 He bent his pitiless eyes on me looked down  
 And sate him on my couch and sitting said  
 ' Thou hast gained on me Simaetha (even as I  
 Gained once on young Philinus in the race)  
 Bidding me hither ere I came unasked

*Bethink thee mistress Moon whence came my love*  
 ' For I had come by Eros I had come  
 This night with comrades twain or may be more  
 The fruitage of the Wine god in my robe  
 And wound about my brow with ribands red  
 The silver leaves so dear to Heracles

*Bethink thee mistress Moon whence came my love*  
 ' Had ye said Enter, well for mid my peers  
 High is my name for goodness and speed  
 I had kissed that sweet mouth once and giv<sup>ne</sup> me my way  
 But had the door been barred and I thrust out  
 With brand and axe would we have stormed ye then

*Bethink thee mistress Moon whence came my love*  
 ' Now be my thanks recorded first to Love  
 Next to thee maiden, who didst pluck me out  
 A half burned helpless creature from the flames  
 And badst me hither It is Love that lights  
 A fire more fierce than his of Lapara,  
 (*Bethink thee mistress Moon, whence came my love*)

charm of the Greek, to a great extent lost in Virgil's eighth eclogue, which, however contains the prettiest passage in the eclogues, the finest lines in Virgil in the opinion of Macaulay, describing a boy's love at first sight.

Within our orchard walls I saw thee first  
 A wee child with her mother—(I was sent  
 To guide you)—gathering apples wet with dew  
 Ten years and one I scarce had numbered then;  
 Could scarce on tip-toe reach the brittle boughs.  
 I saw I fell I was myself no more  
 Began my flute a song of Arcady

Now know I what love is. On hard rocks born  
 Timaroë or Rhodope or they who dwell  
 In utmost Africa do father him  
 No child of mortal blood or lineage  
 Began my flute a song of Arcady

Damon's song deplores the fickleness of a woman. Naturally the song of Alphesiboeus is more suggestive of Theocritus, since its theme is the same, the unfaithfulness of a lover. This is more like the *Pharaoctenia*.

Be his such longing as the heifer feels,  
 When faint with seeking her lost mate through copse  
 And deepest grove, beside some water-brook

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In the green grass she sinks in her despair  
 Nor cares to yield possession to the night.  
 Be his such longing, none no wish to heal  
 Bring songs bring Daphnis from the city home.

More steeped in the spirit of Theocritus is a modern poem, the *Sister Helen* of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The Little Brother plays a more important part than Thesstylis, and enhances the tragic gloom of the picture. Helen is even more implacable than Sinzetha, as the following extracts from the poem will show:

"For three days now he has lain abed  
 Sister Helen,

And he prays in torment to be dead

"The thing may chance if he have prayed  
 Little Brother"

(*O Mother Mary Mother  
 If he have prayed between Hell and Heaven!*)

"But he says till you take back your ban  
 Sister Helen,

His soul would pass but never can

"Nay then shall I slay a living man

Little Brother?"

(*O Mother Mary Mother  
 A living soul between Hell and Heaven!*)

"But he calls for ever on your name

Sister Helen,  
 And says that he melts before a flame."

" My heart for his pleasure fared the same,  
 Little Brother "

*(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
 Fire at the heart between Hell and Heaven!)*

" He sends a ring and a broken coin  
 Sister Helen,

And bids you mind the banks of Boyne "

" What else he broke will he ever join  
 Little Brother? "

*(O Mother, Mary Mother  
 Oh never more, between Hell and Heaven!)*

" He yields you these and cries full fain  
 Sister Helen

That you pardon him in his mortal pain."

" What else he took will he give again,  
 Little Brother? "

*(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
 No more, no more between Hell and Heaven!)*

" He calls your name in an agony  
 Sister Helen

That even dead Love must weep to see "

" Hate born of Love is blind as he,  
 Little Brother "

*(O Mother, Mary Mother,  
 Love turned to Hate, between Hell and Heaven!)*

I have dwelt at length on the *Pharmaceutria* because it stirred Virgil to an imitation of it, and because it is one of the finest poems ever written—a *vignette* of

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the most exquisite finish. Readers should note especially, not only the passages which I have quoted, but also the grand lines (35-40) in which we are told that the incantation is performed at the dead of night, when the voices of the sea and the winds are hushed, and only the baying of hounds in the town is heard, at the approach of the dread goddess. Hecate, standing at the cross roads, and Thetys is bidden to sound the gong which will drive evil spirits away. Also, especial attention should be directed to the description of the two athletes coming from the palaestra. The poem is a masterpiece from the first line with its abrupt appeal to Thetys for the laurel leaves and other appurtenances of the black art, to the last in which she invokes the stars as 'pursuivants of the car of stilly Night.'

The most thoroughly pastoral of all the poems is the seventh, the *Thalysia* or *Harvest Home*, which, to use the poet's own words, 'reeks of lush Summer and fruit laden Fall.' But while the singer revels in the pears and apples and damsons that roll at his feet, he cannot forbear a sneer at the wretched rivalries which agitated the literary coteries of Alexandria.

I hate your builders who would rear a house  
 High as Oromedon's mountain pinnacle  
 I hate your song-birds too whose cuckoo-cry  
 Struggles (in vain) to match the Chan bard.

It is an interesting passage, and from it we may fairly infer that the poet saw the essential difference between himself and his merely imitative Alexandrine rivals, which is so beautifully expressed by Mr Andrew Lang

Their critical activity in every field of literature was immense their original genius sterile. In them the intellect of the Hellenes still faintly glowed like embers on an altar that shed no light on the way. Yet over these embers the God poured once again the sacred oil and from the dull mass leaped like a many coloured flame the genius of Theocritus.

Idylla XIV and XV are probably taken from mimes of Sophron. The former tells excellently how Cynisca, the mistress of Aeschines, betrays at a drinking party her passion for Lycus, Wolf. She sat silent, and

Hast seen

A wolf? some wag said Shrewdly guessed quoth she,  
 And blushed—her blushes might have fired a torch.

Then a horse-jobber or rough rider (Knight is hardly the word), who was present, cruelly sings a song "O Lycus mine," "O Wolf, my Wolf," when the poor

and Praxinoa at once on meeting fall to running down their respective husbands, when suddenly it occurs to Gorgo that the child knows what they are talking about, and she sets matters right with,

*Gorgo* Nay call not dear your lord your Demon names  
To the babe a face. Look how it stares at you!  
There baby dear she never meant Papa  
It understands by r Lady Dear Papa

But I own I was grieved to find what seems to me clear evidence that such scenes, in which women inveigh against their absent spouses, were part of the stock in trade of the mimographer, and were constantly reproduced. So also the reviling of servants by their mistresses, which appears in this idyll. I am sure that Theocritus has handled these scenes with an art altogether transcending that of his rivals but I had thought that they were the fruit of his own genius and invention. It is a pity that Herodas should have disabused us of a pleasing illusion, seeing that he has given us so little in exchange for it.

*The Fishermen* (XXI) is one of the few sunless and laughterless idylls. Here the singer no longer revels in woods, streams, and flowers, but we find

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the same master hand painting the cabin by the gray sea where the wise old fishermen philosophize on life, its hardships and its consolations

*The Countryman's Wooing* (XXVII) is a gem, and has given to the vocabulary of French poetry a new word in its title, *caristys*. Lines 31-32 give a good specimen of the happiness of the translation:

*The Maiden* And bearing children all our grace destroys  
*Daphnis* Bear them and shine more lustrous in your boys.

The semi-epical pieces are far less interesting, but they have furnished Tennyson with some beautiful passages. In the *Dioscuri* (LXII) in the description of the fight between Amycus and Polydeuces, we meet a very original figure:

Broad were his shoulders vast his arbed chest  
Like a wrought statue rose his iron frame  
And nigh the shoulder on each brawny arm  
Stood out the muscles high as rolling stones  
Caught by some rain swollen river and sharpen smooth  
By its wild eddyinga.

The keenness of observation here displayed did not escape the not less observant eye of the great English poet, as is shown by this passage from *The Marriage of Geraint*:

At last it chanced that on a summer morn  
 (They sleeping each by other) the new sun  
 Beat thro' the blindless casement of the room,  
 And heated the strong warrior in his dreams,  
 Who moving cast the coverlet aside,  
 And bared the knotted column of his throat,  
 The massive square of his heroic breast,  
 And arms on which the standing muscle sloped,  
 As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone,  
 Running too vehemently to break upon it.

Readers will remember Virgil's *somno mollior herba*,  
 suggested by *μαλακώτερα ψπρω* (applied by Theocritus to the coverings of the couch of Venus), as  
 well as the picture in Tennyson's *Palace of Art* ·

And one an English home—gray twilight pour'd  
 On dewy pastures, dewy trees,  
 Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,  
 A haunt of ancient Peace.

The details of the life of Theocritus have not come down to us. He flourished between 283 and 263 B.C., and lived chiefly in Cos and Syracuse, which was a city of great magnificence under the rule of the princely Hiero, in whom Theocritus seems to have found a far from generous patron. Syracuse often gave valuable aid to the arms of Rome, while her

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inspired son was producing models destined to kindle the imagination of Rome's first, and only great, bucolic poet. Among the friends of Theocritus were Nicias a physician of Miletus and the physician's wife Theogenia or Theogenis, to whom he addresses the charming little poem (XXVIII) in choriambic measure entitled *The Distaff*. Other friends were Aratus, and his preceptors Philetas and Asclepiades. His visit to the Court of Alexandria seems to have been a failure, nor did he find favour at the Court of Hiero. He does not seem to have possessed the arts of the courtier. His two least effective poems are strained and stilted eulogies of Hiero and Ptolemy (XVI, XVII). Probably the taste of the time leaned more to the mythologic loro displayed in the Alexandrine revival of the Ionian epic than to the native wood notes wild of the Dorian singer. Alexandria was the proper sphere for a Callimachus, not for a Theocritus. He had no interest in the problems of life and the painful "riddle of the earth", and he was prone to look at the bright side of things. We may say of him, in his own words

But sometimes as in the fourth Idyll one of the brightest in the collection we meet the *lacrimae rerum*

*Battus* Sweet Amaryllis thou alone though dead art unforget. Dearer than thou whose light is quenched my very goats are not.

Oh for the all unkindly fate that is fallen to my lot!

*Corydon* Cheer up brave lad! to morrow may ease thee of thy pain

Aye for the living are there hopes past hoping are the ails n  
And now Zeus sends us sunshine and now he sends us rain.

He is touched by the pathos of the death of Amaryllis and the saddest line in Theocritus is

*Διπλοὶ τοι οὐδεὶς διδοὺς οὐδεὶς οὐδεὶς*

His political outlook is bounded by Hellas. He does not even mention the city on the Tiber, which during his own lifetime was fast strengthening her.<sup>17</sup> the island of his birth

There is little to add to what I have already about the Eclogues of Virgil. This is not the place discuss the questions to which they give rise f instance, whether the poet was dispossessed of his farm, and then reinstated, or who was the mysterious infant foreshadowed in the *Pollia* eclogue. Irrespective of such questions, immortality is reserved for such lines as

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*Impius haec tam culta novalia miles habebit?  
Barbarus has segetem?*

and

*Incipe parve puer riu cognoscere matrem.*

This delicate charm of style, as Horace calls it, is what puts the translator on his mettle. And Calverley has bounded to the touch of the spur. Not even Sir C. Bowen has more deftly caught the spirit of the eclogues. For the sake of comparison with Calverley's pretty version (Fcl. viii. 40 ff.) given above, I quote one of Sir C. Bowen's happiest efforts.

Twas in our crofts I saw thee a girl thy mother bea de,  
Plucking the apples dewy myself thy pilot and guide  
Years had I number'd eleven the twelfth was beginning to run  
Scarce was I able to reach from the ground to the branches that  
snapp'd

Ah when I saw how I perished! to fatal folly was rapt

Now have I learn'd what Love is Among rocks savage and wild  
Tmaros or Rhodope bare him or far Garamantis for child—  
Mortal his lineage is not, nor human blood in his veins  
Begin, my flute of the mountains with me my Maenalus strains.

It is amusing to find in Virgil, the average schoolboy's implacable and truceler's foe, what that schoolboy would probably call "a howler" Damon

(Eccl viii, 52-60) commenting on the unequal union between Mopsus and the faithless Nyssa, prays that a similar unnatural change (like Nyssa's perverse preference of Mopsus to himself) may take place through out all nature, the wolf fleeing from the lamb, the tamarisk distilling amber, and so forth. He concludes with the words *omnia vel medium fiant mare*, "let earth become mid ocean." The acuteness of Elmsley saw that this was a mistranslation of Theocritus i, 184 *πάντα δ' ἐναλλα γένοιτο*, a very similar passage, clearly present to Virgil's mind. But *ἐναλλα* means "topsy-turvy," which Virgil mistook for *ἐνάλια*, "marine." It is interesting to notice that he must have pronounced *λλ* as *ll* is now pronounced in the Romance languages, something like *ly*. Thus the two words would be to him indistinguishable in sound. It is possible that in the same eclogue (line 64) *effe aquam* is a similar mistranslation of *εἴρε τὸ νάρα*, Theocritus xv, 27, where *νάρα* means not "water" but "yarn."

Admirable as are the translations of Calverley, I would venture to predict that his enduring fame will rest rather on his original compositions in *Verses and Translations* and in *Fly Leaves*. It is sad that Calverley

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never heard the late Sir Henry Irving recite, as the great actor did with a perfect feeling of the humour and irony of the piece, the *Gemini and Virgo*. Had he been allotted the common span of life, he might have enjoyed that pleasure. It was no small evidence of the native refinement of Irving that he was attracted by so chastened a piece, quite in the vein of Praed at his best. One does not often meet in such playful poems a stanza like the following, with its irresistible parenthesis:

I did not love as others do  
(None ever did that I've heard tell of),  
My passion was a byword through  
The town she was of course the belle of

It is not long since an able writer in the *Quarterly* made a well written and well reasoned plea for Sir W. Gilbert, as deserving a very high place among our minor poets. The qualities on which he dwelt most strongly were the great felicity of diction and the perfect mastery of metre and rhyme. These are the very faculties which are most prominent in Calverley. But to both Gilbert and Calverley their humour and delicate irony were fatal. The British reader will not admit to the Valhalla of the poets one who is hardly

ever quite serious. Even Hood, many of whose poems are profoundly serious, was never permitted to pass that portal through which Gray passed with such a very thin volume under his arm.

There is a vein of pathos in Calverley. The tutor in *Fly Leaves*, communing with the locket, and surrounding it with romantic associations altogether the birth of his own imagination, is a pathetic figure. C. P. Mulvany had a deeply pathetic vein. He, the Dublin analogue of Calverley, had much of Calverley's humour, but not a tenth part of his scholarship. His most prominent Oxford rivals A. D. Godley, and A. T. Quiller Couch have a delightful vein of humour, but eschew the serious. Cambridge has been more prolific than Oxford of poets of the school of Calverley. He was known as Blayds at Harrow and Oxford, but it was at Cambridge that he first showed those faculties which have gained for him his present place in the world of letters. Owen Seaman, another Cambridge man, a winner of the Porson Prize, still keeps the flashlight of humour and irony ablaze in the pages of *Punch*.

The present volume does not show Calverley in his

most characteristic phase, but the reader will find the daintiness and lightness of touch which have gained such widespread popularity for his *Versees and Translations* and his *Fly Leaves*. And many who perhaps know by heart several of the pieces in those two little books, will meet for the first time the masterly translations which form the present volume. The reader who consults the essay on metrical translations at the end of the collected *Works of Charles Stuart Calverley* will see what arduous restrictions he imposes on translators and will observe with what fidelity he conforms to the standard which he has erected.

Many graceful pens have paid their tribute to the charming singer of Sicily. The collected works of Calverley and the translation of Lang have preserved poems in his praise which are both beautiful and discriminating. We would fain add here a Villanello by Oscar Wilde, a fine scholar and an ardent lover of Theocritus, taken from *Echoes from 'Aretabos'*.<sup>1</sup>

O singer of Persephone  
In the dim meadows desolate  
Dost thou remember Sicily?

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<sup>1</sup> Printed by permission of Mr. Robert Ross.

Still through the ivy fits the bee  
Where Amaryllis lies in state,  
O singer of Persephone!

Simaetha calls on Hecate  
And hears the wild dogs at the gate,  
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Still by the light and laughing sea  
Poor Polypheus bemoans his state,  
O singer of Persephone!

And still in boyish rivalry  
Young Daphnis challenges his mate,  
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Slum Lacon keeps a goat for thee  
For thee the jocund shepherds wait,  
O singer of Persephone!  
Dost thou remember Sicily?

R. Y. TYRELL.

DUBLIN  
April 1908.

**THEOCRITUS.**

## PREFACE

I HAD intended translating all or nearly all these Idylls into blank verse, as the natural equivalent of Greek or of Latin hexameters, only deviating into rhyme where occasion seemed to demand it. But I found that other metres had their special advantages the fourteen syllable line in particular has that, among others, of containing about the same number of syllables as an ordinary line of Theocritus. And there is also no doubt something gained by variety.

Several recent writers on the subject have laid down that every translation of Greek poetry, especially bucolic poetry, must be in rhyme of some sort. But they have seldom stated, and it is hard to see, why. There is no rhyme in the original, and *prima facie* should be none in the translation. Professor Blackie has, it is

true, pointed out the "assonances, alliterations, and rhymes," which are found in more or less abundance in Ionic Greek.\* These may of course be purely accidental, like the hexameters in Livy or the blank-verse lines in Mr Dickens's prose but accidental or not (it may be said) they are there and ought to be recognised. May we not then recognise them by introducing similar assonances, etc., here and there into the English version? or by availing ourselves of what Professor Blackie again calls attention to the "compensating powers" † of English? I think with him that it was hard to speak of our language as one which "transforms *boos megalos boen* into 'great ox's hide'" Such phrases as 'The Lord is a man of war,' 'The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,' are to my ear quite as grand as Homer and it would be equally fair to ask what we are to make of a language which transforms Milton's line into *η αλτηγες ον προσεψη τον απλισμανον δυλον* † But be this as it may, these phenomena are surely too

rare and too arbitrary to be adequately represented by any regularly recurring rhyme and the question remains, what is there in the unrhymed original to which rhyme answers?

To me its effect is to divide the verse into couplets, triplets, or (if the word may include them all) *stanzas* of some kind. Without rhyme we have no apparent means of conveying the effect of stanzas. There are of course devices such as repeating a line or part of a line at stated intervals, as is done in 'Tears, idle tears' and elsewhere but clearly none of these would be available to a translator. Where therefore he has to express stanzas, it is easy to see that rhyme may be admissible and even necessary. Pope's couplet may (or may not) stand for elegiacs, and the *In Memoriam* stanza for some one of Horace's metres. Where the heroes of Virgil's Eclogues sing alternately four lines each, Gray's quatrain seems to suggest itself and where a similar case occurs in these Idylls (as for instance in the ninth) I thought it might be met by taking whatever received English stanza was nearest the required length. Pope's couplet again may possibly best convey the pomposity of some Idylls and the

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point of others. And there may be divers considerations of this kind. But, speaking generally, where the translator has not to intumate stanzas—where he has on the contrary to intumate that there are none—rhyme seems at first sight an intrusion and a *suggestio falsa*.

No doubt (as has been observed) what 'Pastorals' we have are mostly written in what is called the heroic measure. But the reason is, I suppose, not far to seek. Dryden and Pope wrote 'heroics,' not from any sense of their fitness for bucolic poetry, but from a sense of their universal fitness and their followers copied them. But probably no scholar would affirm that any poem, original or translated, by Pope or Dryden or any of their school, really resembles in any degree the bucolic poetry of the Greeks. Mr. Morris, whose poems appear to me to resemble it more almost than anything I have ever seen, of course writes what is technically Pope's metre, and equally of course is not of Pope's school. Whether or no Pope and Dryden intended to resemble the old bucolic poets in style is, to say the least, immaterial. If they did not, there is no reason whatever why any of us

who do should adopt their metre: if they did and failed, there is every reason why we should select a different one.

Professor Conington has adduced one cogent argument against blank verse: that is, that hardly any of us can write it.\* But if this is so—if the 'blank verse' which we write is virtually prose in disguise—the addition of rhyme would only make it rhymed prose, and we should be as far as ever from "verse really deserving the name."† Unless (which I can hardly imagine) the mere incident of 'terminal consonance' can constitute that verse which would not be verse independently, this argument is equally good against attempting verse of any kind. we should still be writing disguised, and had better write undisguised, prose. Prose translations are of course tenable, and are (I am told) advocated by another very eminent critic. These considerations against them occur to one: that, among the characteristics of his original which the translator is bound to preserve, one is that he wrote metrically; and that the prattle which passes

\* Preface to Conington's *Æsop*, page ix.

† *Ibid.*

muster, and sounds perhaps rather pretty than otherwise, in metre, would in plain prose be insufferable. Very likely some exceptional sort of prose may be meant, which would dispose of all such difficulties: but this would be harder for an ordinary writer to evolve out of his own brain, than to construct any species of verse for which he has at least a model and a precedent.

These remarks are made to show that my metres were not selected, as it might appear, at hap-hazard. Metre is not so unimportant as to justify that. For the rest, I have used Brigg's\* edition\* (*Poetæ Duxolici Orati*), and have never, that I am aware of, taken refuge in any various reading where I could make no sense at all of the text as given by him. Sometimes I have been content to put down what I felt was a wrong rendering rather than omit, but only in cases where the original was plainly corrupt, and all suggested emendations seemed to me hopelessly wide of the mark. What, for instance, may be the true

\* Since writing the above lines I have had the advantage of seeing Mr Paley's *Theocritus*, which was not out when I made my version.

meaning of  $\beta\omega\lambda\beta\omega\zeta\tau\iota\zeta\kappa\omega\lambda\iota\omega\zeta$  in the fourteenth Idyll I have no idea. It is not very important. And no doubt the sense of the last two lines of the “*Death of Adonis*” is very unlikely to be what I have made it. But no suggestion that I met with seemed to me satisfactory or even plausible and in this and a few similar cases I have put down what suited the context. Occasionally also, as in the Idyll here printed last—the one lately discovered by Bergk, which I elucidated by the light of Fritzsche’s conjectures—I have availed myself of an opinion which Professor Conington somewhere expresses, to the effect that, where two interpretations are tenable, it is lawful to accept for the purposes of translation the one you might reject as a commentator  $\tau\epsilon\omega\sigma\tau\iota\omega\zeta$  has I dare say nothing whatever to do with ‘quartan fever’.

On one point, rather a minor one, I have ventured to dissent from Professor Blackie and others, namely, in retaining the Greek, instead of adopting the Roman, nomenclature. Professor Blackie says\* that there are some men by whom “it is esteemed a grave offence to call Jupiter Jupiter,” which begs the question and

\* *Blackie’s Homer*, Preface pp. xii., xiii.

Against this hill-slope in the tamarisk shade,  
And pipe me somewhat, while I guard thy goats.

## GOATHERD

I durst not, Shepherd, O I durst not pipe  
At noon tide, fearing Pan, who at that hour  
Rests from the toils of hunting. Harsh is he;  
Wrath at his nostrils aye sits sentinel  
Bat, Thyrssis, thou caust sing of Daphnis' woes;  
High is thy name for woodland minstrelsy.  
Then rest we in the shadow of the elm  
Fronting Priapus and the Fountain nymphs.  
There, where the oaks are and the Shepherd's seat,  
Sing as thou sang'st erewhile, when matched with him  
Of Libya, Chromis, and I'll give thee, first,  
To milk, ay thrice, a goat—she suckles twins,  
Yet ne'ertheless can fill two milkpails full,—  
Next, a deep drinking-cup, with sweet wax scoured,  
Two handled, newly-carven, smacking yet  
O' the chisel. Ivy reaches up and climbs  
About its lip, gilt here and there with sprays  
Of woodbine, that enwreathed about it flaunts  
Her saffron fruitage. Framed therein appears  
A damsel ('tis a miracle of art)  
In robe and snood and suitors at her side  
With locks fair-flowing, on her right and left,

Battle with words that fail to reach her heart  
 She, laughing, glances now on this, flings now  
 Her chance regards on that they, all for love  
 Wearied and eye swoln find their labour lost  
 Carven elsewhere an ancient fisher stands  
 On the rough rocks thereto the old man with pains  
 Drags his great casting net as one that toils  
 Full stoutly every fibre of his frame  
 Seems fishing, so about the gray beard a neck  
 (In might a youngster yet) the sinews swell  
 Hard by that wave beat sire a vineyard bends  
 Beneath its graceful load of burnished grapes,  
 A boy sits on the rude fence watching them  
 Near him two foxes down the rows of grapes  
 One ranging steals the ripest one assails  
 With wiles the poor lad's scrip to leave him soon  
 Stranded and supperless He plaita meanwhile  
 With ears of corn a right fine cricket trap,  
 And fits it on a rush for vines for scrip,  
 Little he cares, enamoured of his toy

The cup is hung all round with hissom briar,  
 Triumph of Aethan art, a wondrous sight  
 It was a ferryman's of Calydon  
 A goat it cost me and a great white cheese  
 Ne'er yet my lips came near it, virgin still  
 It stands And welcome to such boon art thou,

If for my sake thou'l sing that lay of lays  
 I jest not up, lad, sing no songs thou'l own  
 In the dim land where all things are forgot

THYRSIS [sings]

*Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song*  
 The voice of Thyrsis Ætna's Thyrsis I  
 Where were ye, Nymphs, oh where, while Daphnis  
 pined?  
 In fair Penens' or in Pindus' glens?  
 For great Anapus' stream was not your haunt,  
 Nor Ætna's cliff nor Acis' sacred rill

*Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song*  
 O'er him the wolves, the jackals howled o'er him,  
 The lion in the oak-cope mourned his death

*Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song*  
 The kine and oxen stood around his feet,  
 The heifers and the calves wailed all for him

*Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song*  
 First from the mountain Hermes came, and said,  
 "Daphnis, who frets thee? Lad, whom lov'st thou so?"

*Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song*  
 Came herdsmen, shepherds came, and goatherds came,  
 All asked what ailed the lad Priapus came  
 And said, "Why pine, poor Daphnis? while the maid  
 Foots it round every pool and every grove,

*(Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song)*

"O lack-love and perverse, in quest of thee,  
Herdsmen in name, but goatherd righter called  
With eyes that yearn the goatherd marks his kids,  
Run riot, for he fain would frisk as they.

*(Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song)*

"With eyes that yearn dost thou too mark the laugh  
Of maidens, for thou mayst not share their glee."  
Still naught the herdsman said he drained along,  
His bitter portion, till the fatal end.

*Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song*

Came Aphrodite, smiles on her sweet face,  
False smiles, for heavy was her heart, and spake,  
"So, Daphnis, thou must try a fall with Love!  
But stalwart Love hath won the fall of thee."

*Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song*

Then "Ruthless Aphrodite," Daphnis said,  
"Accursed Aphrodite, foe to man!"  
Say'st thou mine hour is come, my sun hath set?  
Dead as alive, shall Daphnis work Love woe?"

*Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song*

"Fly to Mount Ida, where the swain (men say)  
And Aphrodite—to Anchises fly  
There are oak forests, here but galngale,  
And bees that make a music round the hives

*Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song*

" Adonis owed his bloom to tending flocks  
 And smiting hares, and bringing wild beasts down

*Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song*

" Face once more Diomed tell him ' I have shun  
 The herdsman Daphnis, now I challenge thee '

*Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song*

" Farewell, wolf, jackal, mountain prisoned bear!  
 Ye'll see no more by grove or glade or glen  
 Your herdsman Daphnis! Arethuse farewell,  
 And the bright streams that pour down Thymbra's side

*Begin, sweet Maids begin the woodland song*

" I am that Daphnis, who lead here my kine,  
 Bring here to drink my oxen and my calves

*Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song*

" Pan, Pan, oh whether great Lyceum's crags  
 Thou hannt'st to day, or mightier Mænæus,  
 Come to the Sicel isle! Abandon now  
 Phœnix and Heliæ, and the mountain cairn  
 (That e'en gods cherish) of Lycaon's son!

*Forget, sweet Maids, forget your woodland song*

" Come, king of song, o'er this my pipe, compact  
 With wax and honey breathing, arch thy lip  
 For surely I am torn from life by Love

*Forget, sweet Maids, forget your woodland song*

" From thicket now and thorn let violets spring,  
 Now let white lilies drape the juniper,

And pines grow figs, and nature all go wrong:  
 For Daphnis dies Let deer pursue the hounds,  
 And mountain-owls outsing the nightingale

*Forget, sweet Maids, forget your woodland song "*

So spake he, and he never spake again  
 Gain Aphroditè would have raised his head;  
 But all his thread was spun So down the stream  
 Went Daphnis closed the waters o'er a head  
 Dear to the Nine, of nymphs not unbeloved

Now give me goat and cup, that I may milk  
 The one, and pour the other to the Muse  
 Fare ye well, Muses, o'er and o'er farewell!  
 I'll sing strains lovelier yet in days to be.

#### GOATHERD

Thyrsis, let honey and the honeycomb  
 Fill thy sweet mouth, and figs of Ægilus.  
 For ne'er cicala trilled so sweet a song.  
 Here is the cup mark, friend, how sweet it smells:  
 The Hours, thou'lt say, have washed it in their well.  
 Hither, Cresætha! Thou, go milk her! Kids,  
 Be steady, or your pranks will rouse the ram.

## IDYLL II

### *The Sorceress.*

WHERE are the bay-leaves, Thestylis, and the charms?

Fetch all, with fiery wool the caldron crown,  
Let glamour win me back my false lord's heart!  
Twelve days the wretch hath not come nigh to me,  
Nor made enquiry if I die or live,  
Nor clamoured (oh unkindness!) at my door.  
Sure his swift fancy wanders otherwhere,  
The slave of Aphroditè and of Love.

I'll off to Timagetus' wrestling-school  
At dawn, that I may see him and denounce  
His doings, but I'll charm him now with charms.  
So shine out fair, O moon! To thee I sing  
My soft low song to thee and Hecatè  
The dweller in the shades, at whose approach  
E'en the dogs quake, as on she moves through blood  
And darkness and the barrows of the slain  
All hail, dread Hecatè! companion me

Unto the end, and work me witcheries  
 Potent as Circè or Medea wrought,  
 Or Perimède of the golden hair!

*Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love*  
 First we ignite the grain Nay, pale it on  
 Where are thy wits flown, timorous Thœstylis?  
 Shall I be flouted, I, by such as thou?  
 Pile, and still say, 'This pile is of his bones'

*Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love*  
 Delphis racks me I burn him in these bays  
 As, flame unkindled, they lift up their voice,  
 Blaze once, and not a trace is left behind  
 So waste his flesh to powder in yon fire!

*Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love*  
 E'en as I melt, not uninspired, the wax,  
 May Mindian Delphis melt this hour with love  
 And, swiftly as this brazen wheel whirls round,  
 May Aphroditè whirl him to my door

*Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love*  
 Next burn the husks Hell's adamantine floor  
 And aught that else stands firm can Artemis move  
 Thœstylis, the hounds bay up and down the town  
 The goddess stands i' the crossroads sound the gongs

*Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love*  
 Hushed are the voices of the winds and seas,  
 But O not hushed the voice of my despair

He burns my being up, who left me here  
 No wife, no maiden, in my misery

*Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love*  
 Fibree I pour out, speak thrice, sweet mistress, thus  
 "What face e'er hangs o'er him be forgot  
 Clean as, in Dia, Theseus (legends say)  
 Forgot his Ariadne a locks of love"

*Turn, magic wheel draw homeward him I love*  
 The coltsfoot grows in Arcady, the weed  
 That drives the mountain colts and swift mares wild  
 Like them may Delphis rave so maniac wise,  
 Pace from his burnished brethren home to me

*Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward I I love*  
 He lost this tassel from his robe which I  
 Shred thus, and cast it on the raving flames  
 Ah baleful Love! why like the marsh born leech,  
 Clung to my flesh, and drain my dark veins dry?

*Turn magic wheel draw home card him I love*  
 From a crushed eft to-morrow he shall drink  
 Death! But now, Thestylis take these herbs and smear  
 That threshold o'er, whereto at heart I clung  
 Still, still—albeit he thinks scorn of me—  
 And spit, and say, 'Tis Delphis' bones I smear'

*Turn, magic wheel, draw homeward him I love*

[Exit Thestylis]

Now, all alone, I'll weep a love whence sprung  
 When born? Who wrought my sorrow? Anaxo came,  
 Her basket in her hand, to Artemis' grove  
 Bound for the festival, troops of forest beasts  
 Stood round, and in the midst a honesse

*Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love*  
 Theucharidas' slave, my Thracian nurse now dead  
 Then my near neighbour, prayed me and implored  
 To see the pageant I, the poor doomed thing,  
 Went with her, trailing a fine silken train,  
 And gathering round me Clearista's robe

*Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love*  
 Now, the mid highway reached by Lycon's farm,  
 Delphis and Eudamippus passed me by  
 With beards as lustrous as the woodbine's gold  
 And breasts more sheeny than thyself, O Moon,  
 Fresh from the wrestler's glorious toil they came

*Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love*  
 I saw, I raved, smit (weakling) to my heart  
 My beauty withered, and I cared no more  
 For all that pomp, and how I gained my home  
 I know not some strange fever wasted me  
 Ten nights and days I lay upon my bed

*Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love*  
 And wan became my flesh, as 't had been dyed,  
 And all my hair streamed off, and there was left

But bones and skin Whose threshold crossed I not,  
Or missed what grandam's hut who dealt in charms?  
For no light thing was this, and time sped on

*Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love*  
At last I spake the truth to that my maid  
" Seek, as thou canst, some cure for my sore pain  
Alas, I am all the Minerva! But begone,  
And watch by Timagetas' wrestling school  
There doth he bathe, there soothly take his rest.

*Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love*  
" Find him alone and softly say, 'she waits',  
And bring him ' So I spake she went her way,  
And brought the lustrous limbed one to my roof  
And I, the instant I beheld him step  
Lightfooted o'er the threshold of my door,

*(Bethink thee mistress Moon whence came my love,)*  
Became all cold like snow and from my brow  
Broke the damp dewdrops utterance I had none,  
Not e'en such utterance as a babe may make  
That babbles to its mother in its dreams,  
But all my fair frame stiffened into wax

*Bethink thee mistress Moon, whence came my love.*  
He bent his pitiless eyes on me, looked down,  
And sate him on my couch, and sitting, said  
" Thou hast gained on me, Simætha, (e'en as I  
Gained once on young Philinus in the race,)

Bidding me hither ere I came unasked

*Bethink thee, mistress Moon whence came my love*

" For I had come, by Eros I had come,

This night, with comrades twain or may be more,

The fruitage of the Wine god in my robe,

And, wound about my brow with ribands red,

The silver leaves so dear to Heracles

*Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love*

" Had ye said ' Enter,' well for, 'mid my peers

High is my name for goodness and speed

I had kissed that sweet mouth once and gone my way

But had the door been barred, and I thrust out,

With brand and axe would we have stormed ye then

*Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love*

" Now be my thanks recorded, first to Love,

Next to thee, maiden, who didst pluck me out,

A half burned helpless creature, from the flames,

And badst me hither It is Love that lights

A fire more fierce than his of Lipara

*(Bethink thee, mistress Moon, whence came my love )*

" Scares, mischief mad, the maiden from her bower,

The bride from her warm couch ' He spake and I,

A willing listener, sat, my hand in his,

Among the cushions, and his cheek touched mine,

Each hotter than its wont, and we discoursed

In soft low language Need I prate to thee,

Sweet Moon, of all we said and all we did  
Till yesterday he found no fault with me,  
Nor I with him. But lo, to day there came  
Philista's mother—bairn who flutes to me—  
With her Melampo's, just when up the sky  
*Gallop the mares that chariot rose lumbered Down*  
And divers tales she brought me with the rest  
How Delphis loved, she knew not rightly whom  
But this she knew, that of the rich wine aye  
He poured 'to Love,' and at the last had fled,  
To line, she deemed, the fair one's halls with flowers  
Such was my visitor's tale, and it was true  
For thrice, nay four times, daily he would stroll  
Hither, leave here full oft his Dorian flask  
Now—'tis a fortnight since I saw his face  
Doth he then treasure something sweet elsewhere?  
Am I forgot? I'll charm him now with charms  
But let him try me more, and by the Fates  
He'll soon be knocking at the gates of hell  
Spells of such power are in this chest of mine,  
Learned, lady, from wine host in Palestine

Lady, farewell turn ocean ward thy steeds  
As I have purposed, so shall I fulfil  
Farewell, thou bright-faced Moon! Ye stars, farewell,  
That wait upon the ear of noiseless Night

## IDYLL III.

### The Serenade.

I PIPE to Amaryllis while my goats,  
Tityrus their guardian, browse along the fell  
O Tityrus, as I love thee, feed my goats  
And lead them to the spring, and Tityrus, 'ware  
The lifted crest of yon gray Libyan ram

Ah winsome Amaryllis! Why no more  
Greet'st thou thy darling, from the caverned rock  
Peeping all coyly? Think'st thou scorn of him?  
Hath a near view revealed him satyr-shaped  
Of chin and nostril? I shall hang me soon  
See here ten apples from thy favourite tree  
I plucked them I shall bring ten more anon.  
Ah witness my heart-anguish! Oh were I  
A boomer bee, to wast me to thy lair,  
Threading the fern and ivy in whose depths  
Thou nestlest! I have learned what Love is now:  
Fell god, he drank the lioness's milk,  
In the wild woods his mother cradled him,

Whose fire slow burns me, smiting to the bone  
O thou whose glance is beauty and whose heart  
All marble O dark eyebrowed maiden mine!  
Cling to thy goatherd, let him kiss thy lips,  
For there is sweetness in an empty kiss  
Thou wilt not? Piecemeal I will rend the crown,  
The ivy-crown which, dear, I guard for thee,  
Inwov'n with scented parsley and with flowers  
Oh I am desperate—what betides me, what?—  
Still art thou deaf? I'll doff my coat of skins  
And leap into yon wares, where on the watch  
For mackerel Olpis sits th<sup>t</sup>; I 'scape death,  
That I have all but died will pleasure thee  
That learned I when (I murmuring 'loves she me?')  
The *Love-in absence*, crushed, returned no sound,  
But shrank and shrivelled on my smooth young wrist  
I learned it of the sieve-divining crone  
Who gleaned behind the reapers yesterday.  
'Thou'rt wrapt up all,' Agraia said, 'in her,  
She makes of none account her worshipper'  
Lo! a white goat, and twins, I keep for thee—  
Mermnon's lass covets them dark she is of skin;  
But yet hers be they, thou but foollest me  
She cometh, by the quivering of mine eye  
I'll lean against the pine-tree here and sing  
She may look round she is not adamant

[*Sings*] Hippomenes, when he a maid would wed,  
 Took apples in his hand and on he sped  
 Famed Atalanta's heart was won by this,  
 She marked, and maddening sank in Love's abyss

From Othrys did the seer Melampus stray  
 To Pylos with his herd and lo there lay  
 In a swain's arms a maid of beauty rare,  
 Alphesiboea, wise of heart, she bare

Did not Adonis rouse to such excess  
 Of frenzy her whose name is Loveliness,  
 (He a mere lad whose wethers grazed the hill)  
 That, dead, he's pillow'd on her bosom still?

Endymion sleeps the sleep that changeth not  
 And, maiden mine, I envy him his lot!  
 Envy Iasion's his it was to gain  
 Bliss that I dare not breathe in ears profane

My head aches What reck'st thou? I sing no  
 more  
 E'en where I fell I'll lie, until the wolves  
 Rend me—may that be honey in thy mouth!

## IDYLL IV

### The Woodsman

BATTUS, CORYDON

BATTUS

WHO owns these cattle Corydon? Philondas?  
Prythee say

CORYDON

No, Egon and he gave them me to tend while he's  
away

BATTUS

Dost milk them in the gloaming, when none is nigh  
to see?

CORYDON

The old man brings the calves to suck, and keeps an  
eye on me

BATTUS.

And to what region then hath flown the cattle's  
rightful lord?

CORYDON

Hast thou not heard? With Milo he vanished Els-  
ward.

BATTUS.

How! was the wrestler's oil e'er yet so much as seen  
by him?

CORYDON

Men say he rivals Heracles in lustiness of limb.

BATTUS

I'm Polydeuces' match (or so my mother says) and  
more.

CORYDON.

—So off he started, with a spade, and of these ewes a  
score.

BATTUS

This Milo will be teaching wolves how they should  
raven next

CORYDON

—And by these bellowings his kine proclaim how sore  
they're vexed.

## IDYLL IV

BATTUS

Poor kine! they've found their master a sorry knave  
indeed

CORYDON

They're poor enough, I grant you they have not  
heart to feed

BATTUS

Look at that heifer! sure there's naught, save bare  
bones, left of her

Pray, does she browse on dewdrops, as doth the  
grasshopper?

CORYDON

Not she, by heaven! She pastures now by *Æsarus'*  
glades,

And handfuls fair I pluck her there of young and  
green grass-blades,

Now bounds about *Latynus*, that gathering place of  
shades.

BATTUS

That bull again, the red one, my word but he is lean!  
I wish the Sybarite burghers eye may offer to the  
queen

Of heaven as pitiful a beast those burghers are so  
mean!

## CORYDON

Yet to the Salt Lake's edges I drive him, I can swear,  
Up Phrycus, up Neæthus' side—he lacks not victual  
there,

With dittany and endive and foxglove for his fare

## BATTLE

Well, well! I pity Ægon His cattle, go they must  
To rack and ruin, all because vain glory was his lust  
The pipe that erst he fashioned is doubtless scored  
with rust?

## CORYDON

Nay, by the Nymphs! That pipe he left to me, the  
self same day

He made for Pisa I am too a minstrel in my way  
Well the flute part in 'Pyrrhus' and in 'Glauca' can  
I play

I sing too 'Here's to Croton' and 'Zacynthus O 'tis  
fair,'

And 'Eastward to Lacinius' —the braiser Milo there  
His single self ate eighty loaves, there also did he pull  
Down from its mountain dwelling, by one hoof grasped,  
a bull,

And gave it Amaryllis the maidens screamed with  
fright,

As for the owner of the bull he only laughed outright

## BATTUS

Sweet Amaryllis! thou alone, though dead, art un-  
forgot

Dearer than thou, whose light is quenched, my very  
goats are not

Oh for the all-unkindly fate that 's fallen to my lot!

## COXYDON

Cheer up, brave lad! to-morrow may ease thee of  
thy pain

Aye for the living are there hopes, past hoping are  
the slain

And now Zeus sends us sunshine, and now he sends  
us rain

## BATTUS

I'm better Beat those young ones off! E'en now  
their teeth attack

That olive's shoots, the graceless brutes! Back, with  
your white face, back!

## COXYDON

Back to thy hill, Cymætha! Great Pan, how deaf  
thou art!

I shall be with thee presently, and in the end thou 'll  
smart

I warn thee keep thy distance Look, up she creeps  
again!

Oh were my bare crook in my hand, I'd give it to her  
then!

## BATTUS

For heaven's sake, Corydon, look here! Just now a  
bramble spike

Ran, there, into my instep—and oh how deep they  
strike,

Those lancewood shafts! A murraun light on that  
calf, I say!

I got it gaping after her Canst thou discern it, pray?

## CORYDON

Ay, ay, and here I have it, safe in my finger nails

## BATTUS

Eh! at how shght a matter how tall a warrior quails!

## CORYDON

Ne'er range the hill crest, Battus, all sandal less and  
bare

Because the thistle and the thorn lift aye their plume'd  
heads there

## BATTUS

—Say, Corydon, does that old man we wot of (tell me please!)

Still haunt the dark browed little girl whom once he used to tease?

## CORYDON

Ay my poor boy, that doth he I saw them yesterday Down by the byre, and, trust me, loving enougnh were they

## BATTUS

Well done, my veteran licht o' love! In deemning thee mere man,

I wronged thy ~~ure~~ some Satyr he, or an uncomely Par

## IDYLL V

### The Battle of the Bards

COMATAS LACON MORSOV

COMATAS

GOATS, from a shepherd who stands here, from  
Lacon, keep away  
Sibyrtas owns him, and he stole my goatskin yesterday

LACON

Hi' lambs! avoid you fountain Have ye not eyes  
to see  
Comatas, him who filched a pipe but two days back  
from me?

COMATAS

Sibyrtas' bondsman own a pipe? whence got st thou  
that and how?  
Tootling through straws with Corydon mayhap's be-  
neath thee now?

## LACON

"Twas Lycon's gift, your highness Bat pray,  
 Comatas, say,  
 What is that skin wherewith thou saidst that Lacon  
 walked away?  
 Why, thy lord's self had ne'er a skin whereon his  
 limbs to lay

## COMATAS

The skin that Crocylus gave me, a dark one streaked  
 with white,  
 The day he slew his she goat Why, thou wert ill  
 with spite,  
 Then, my false friend, and thou would'st end by  
 beggar me quite.

## LACON

Did Lacon, did Calæthis son purloin a goatakin? No,  
 By Pan that haunts the sea beach! Lad, if I served  
 thee so,  
 Crazed may I drop from yon hill top to Crathis' stream  
 below!

## COMATAS

Nor pipe of thine, good fellow—the Ladies of the Lake  
 So be still Lad and good to me—did e'er Comatas take

## LACOV

*Be Daphnis' woes my portion, should that my credence  
win!*

Still, if thou list to stake a kid—that surely were no  
sin—

Come on, I'll sing it out with thee—until thou  
giveat in

## COMATAS

*'The hog he braved Athene'* As for the kid, 'tis there  
You stake a lamb against him—that fat one—if you  
dare

## LACOV

Fox! were that fair for either? At shearing who'd  
prefer

Horsehair to wool? or when the goat stood handy,  
suffer her

To nurse her firstling, and himself go milk a blatant  
cur?

## COMATAS

The same who deemed his hornet's-buzz the true cicala's  
note,

And braved—like you—his better And so forsooth  
you vote

My kid a trifle? Then come on, fellow! I stake the  
goat

## LACON

Why be so hot? Art thou on fire? First prythee  
take thy seat

'Neath this wild woodland olive thy tones will sound  
more sweet

Here falls a cold rill drop by drop, and green grass  
blades uprear

Their heads, and fallen leaves are thick, and locusts  
prattle here

## COMATAS

Hot I am not but hurt I am, and sorely, when I think  
That thou canst look me in the face and never bleach  
nor blink—

Me, thine own boyhood's tutor! Go, train the she-  
wolf's brood

Train dogs—that they may rend thee! This, this is  
gratitude!

## LACON

When learned I from thy practice or thy preaching  
aught that's right,

Thou puppet, thou misshapen lump of ugliness and  
spite!

## COMATAS

When? When I beat thee, wailing sore yon goats  
looked on with glee,

And bleated, and were dealt with e'en as I had dealt  
with thee

## LACON

Well, hunchback, shallow be thy grave as was thy  
judgment then'

But hither, hither! Thou'lt not dip in herdsman's  
lore again

## COMATAS

Nay, here are oaks and galingale the hum of housing  
bees

Makes the place pleasant and the birds are piping in  
the trees

And here are two cold streamlets, here deeper sha-  
dows fall

Than yon place owns, and look what cones drop from  
the pinetree tall

## LACON

Come hither, and tread on lambswool that is soft as  
any dream

Still more unsavoury than thyself to me thy goatskins  
seem

Here will I plant a bowl of milk, our ladies' grace to  
win,

And one, as huge, beside it, sweet olive oil therein

## COMATAS

Come hither, and trample dainty fern and poppy-blossom sleep  
 On goatskins that are softer than thy fleeces piled three deep  
 Here will I plant eight milkpails, great Pan's regard to gain,  
 Round them eight cups full honeycombs shall every cup contain

## LACON

Well! there e'svy thy woodcraft thence fight me, never badge  
 From thine own oak, e'en have thy way But who shall be our judge?  
 Oh, if Lycopas with his kine should chance this way to trudge!

## COMATAS

Nay, I want no Lycopas But hail yon woodaman, do 'Tis Morson—see! his arms are full of bracken—there, by you

## LACON

We'll hail him

COMATAS

Ay, you hail him

LACON

Friend, 'twill not take thee long  
 We're striving which is master, we twain, in woodland  
 song,

And thou, my good friend Morson, ne'er look with  
 favouring eyes  
 On me, nor yet to yonder lad be fain to judge the  
 prize

COMATAS

Nay, by the Nymphs, sweet Morson, ne'er for  
 Comatas' sake

Stretch thou a point, nor e'er let him undue advan-  
 tage take

Sibyrtas owns yon wethers, a Thurian is he  
 And here, my friend, Eumares' goats, of Sybars, you  
 may see

LACON

And who asked thee, thou naughty knave, to whom  
 belonged these flocks,  
 Sibyrtas, or (it might be) me? Eh, thou'rt a chatter-  
 box!

COMATAS.

The simple truth, most worshipful, is all that I allege:  
 I'm not for boasting. But thy wit hath all too keen  
 an edge.

LACON.

Come sing, if singing's in thee— and may our friend  
 get back  
 To town alive! Heaven help us, lad, how thy tongue  
 doth clack!

COMATAS. [Sings]

Daphnis the mighty minstrel was less precious to the  
 Nine  
 Than I. I offered yesterday two kids upon their  
 shrine.

LACON. [Sings]

Ay, but Apollo fancies me hugely: for him I rear  
 A lordly ram: and, look you, the Carnival is near.

COMATAS.

Twin kids hath every goat I milk, save two. My  
 maid, my own,  
 Eyes me and asks 'At milking time, rogue, art thou  
 all alone?'

## LACON

Go to! nigh twenty baskets doth Lacon fill with  
cheese  
Hath time to woo a sweetheart too upon the h'  
leas

## COMATAS

Clarissa pelts her goatherd with apples, should he  
By with his goats, and pouts her lip in a  
charming way

## LACON

Me too a darling smooth of face notes as I tend  
flocks  
How maddeningly o'er that fair neck  
shining locks!

## COMATAS

Tho' dogrose and anemone are fair in their  
The rose that blooms by garden walls still is  
for me

## LACON

Tho' acorns' cups are fair, their taste is  
and still  
I'll choose, for honeysweet are they, the apples of  
hill

## COMATAS

A cushion I will presently procure and give to her  
Who loves me I know where it sits, up in the juniper

## LACON

Pooh! a soft fleece to make a coat, I'll give the day  
I shear  
My brindled ewe—(no hand but mine shall touch it)—  
to my dear

## COMATAS

Back, lambs, from that wild olive and be content to  
browse  
Here on the shoulder of the hill, beneath the myrtle  
boughs.

## LACON

Ran, (will yo?) Ball and Dogstar, down from that oak  
tree, run  
And feed where Spot is feeding, and catch the morn  
ing sun

## COMATAS

I have a bowl of cypress wood I have besides a cup  
Praxiteles designed them for her they're treasured up

## THE BATTLE OF THE BARDS

### LACON

I have a dog who throttles wolves he loves the sheep,  
and they  
Love him I'll give him to my dear, to keep wild  
beasts at bay

### COMATAS

Ye locusts that o'erleap my fence, oh let my vines  
escape  
Your clutches, I beseech you the bloom is on the  
grape

### LACON

Ye crickets, mark how nettled our friend the goat<sup>3</sup>  
herd is!  
I ween, ye cost the reapers pangs as acute

### COMATAS

Those foxes with their bushy tails, I hate to see them  
crawl  
Round Micon's homestead and purloin his grapes at  
evenfall

### LACON

I hate to see the beetles that come warping on the  
wind,  
And climb Philondas trees, and leave never a fg  
behind

## COMATAS

Have you forgot that cudgelling I gave you? At each  
stroke  
You grinned and twisted with a grace, and clung to  
yonder oak.

## LACON

That I've forgot—but I have not, how once Eumares  
tied  
You to that self-same oak trunk, and tanned your un-  
clean hide

## COMATAS

There's some one ill—of heartburn You note it, I  
presume,  
Morson? Go quick, and fetch a squill from some old  
beldam's tomb.

## LACON

I think I'm stinging somebody, as Morson too  
perceives—  
Go to the river and dig up a clump of sowbread leaves

## COMATAS

May Himera flow, not water, but milk and may'st  
thou blush,  
Crathis, with wine, and fruitage grow upon every  
rush

## THE BATTLE OF THE BARDS

LACON

For me may Sybaris' fountain flow, pure honey so  
that you,

My fair, may dip your pitcher each morn in honey dew

COMATAS

My goats are fed on clover and goats delight they  
tread

On lentisk leaves, or lie them down, ripe strawberries  
o'er their head

LACON

My sheep crop honeysuckle bloom while all around  
them blows

In clusters rich the jessamine, as brave as any rose

COMATAS

I scorn my maid, for when she took my cushat, she  
did not

Draw with both hands my face to hers and kiss me on  
the spot

LACON

I love my love, and hugely for, when I gave my  
flute,

I was rewarded with a kiss, a loving one to boot

## COMATAS

Lacon, the nightingale should scarce be challenged by  
the jay,

Nor swan by hoopoe but, poor boy, thou art wert  
for a fray

## MORSON

I bid the shepherd hold his peace Comatas unto you  
I, Morson, do adjudge the lamb You'll first make  
offering due

Unto the nymphs then surely meat you'll send to  
Morson too

## COMATAS

By Pan I will! Snort, all my herd of he goats I  
shall now

O'er Lacon shepherd as he is crow we shall soon see  
how

I've won, and I could leap sky high! Ye also dance  
and skip

My horned ewes in Sybaris' fount to morrow all shall  
dip

Ho! you sir, with the glossy coat and dangerous  
crest, you dare

Look at a ewe, till I have slain my lamb, and ill you'll fare.  
What! is he at his tricks again? He is and he will get  
(Or my name's not Comatas) a proper pounding yet

## IDYLL VI

### The Damon Battle.

*DAPHNIS. DAMONIAS*

DAPHNIS the herdsman and Damonias once  
Had driven, Aratus, to the selfsame glen  
One chin was yellowing, one shewed half a beard  
And by a brookside on a summer noon  
The pair sat down and sang, but Daphnis led  
The song, for Daphnis was the challenger

DAPHNIS

" See! Galatea pelts thy flock with fruit,  
And calls their master ' Lack-love,' Polypheme  
Thou mark'st her not, blind, blind, but pipest aye  
Thy wood notes See again, she smites thy dog  
Sea ward the fleeced flocks' sentinel peers and barks,  
And, through the clear wave visible to her still,  
Careers along the gently babbling beach  
Look that he leap not on the maid new risen

From her sea-bath and rend her dainty limbs  
 She fools thee, near or far, like thistle waifs  
 In hot sweet summer flies from thee when wooed,  
 Unwooed pursues thee risks all moves to win,  
 For, Polypheme, things foul seem fair to Love ”

And then, due prelude made, Dametas sang.

DAMETAS

“ I marked her pelt my dog, I was not blind,  
 By Pan, by this my one my precious eye  
 That bounds my vision now and evermore!  
 But Telemus the Seer, be his the woe,  
 His and his children’s, that he promised me!  
 Yet do I too tease her, I pass her by,  
 Pretend to woo another —and she hears  
 (Heaven help me!) and is faint with jealousy,  
 And hurrying from the sea-wave as if stung,  
 Scans with keen glance my grotto and my flock,  
 ’Twas I bissed on the dog to bark at her,  
 For, when I loved her, he would whine and lay  
 His muzzle in her lap These things she’ll note  
 Mayhap, and message send on message soon  
 But I will bar my door until she swear  
 To make me on this isle fair bridal bed  
 And I am less unlovely than men say

I looked into the mere (the mere was calm),  
And goodly seemed my beard and goodly seemed  
My solitary eye, and, half revealed,  
My teeth gleamed whiter than the Parian marl  
Thrice for good luck I spat upon my robe  
That learned I of the hag Cottytaris—her  
Who fluted lately with Hippocoon's mowers ”

Dametas then kissed Daphnis lovingly  
One gave a pipe and one a goodly flute  
Straight to the shepherd a flute and herdsman's pipe  
The younglings bounded in the soft green grass  
And neither was o'ermatched, but matchless both

## IDYLL VII

Marble Dome

ONCE on a time did Eucritus and I  
(With us Amyntas) to the riverside  
Steal from the city For Lycopeus' sons  
Were that day busy with the harvest home,  
Antigenes and Phraeudemus, sprung  
(If aught thou holdest by the good old names)  
By Clytia from great Chalcon—him who erst  
Planted one stalwart knee against the rock,  
And lo, beneath his foot Burnè's rill  
Broke forth, and at its side poplar and elm  
Shewed aisles of pleasant shadow, greenly roofed  
By tufted leaves Scarce midway were we now,  
Nor yet descried the tomb of Brasidas  
When, thanks be to the Muses, there drew near  
A wayfarer from Crete, young Lycidas  
The horned herd was his care a glance might tell  
So much for every inch a herdman he

Slung o'er his shoulder was a ruddy hide  
Torn from a he goat, shaggy, tangle haired,  
That reeked of rennet yet a broad belt clasped  
A patched cloak round his breast, and for a staff  
A gnarled wild olive bough his right hand bore  
Soon with a quiet smile he spoke—his eye  
Twinkled, and laughter sat upon his lip  
"And whither ploddest thou thy weary way  
Beneath the noontide sun, Simichidas?  
For now the lizard sleeps upon the wall,  
The crested lark folds now his wandering wing  
Dost speed, a bidden guest, to some reveller's board?  
Or townward to the treading of the grape?  
For lo! recoil from thy hurrying feet  
The pavement stones ring out right merrily"  
Then I "Friend Lycid, all men say that none  
Of haymakers or herdsman is thy match  
At piping and my soul is glad thereat  
Yet, to speak sooth, I think to rival thee  
Now lool, this road holds holiday to-day  
For banded brethren solemnise a feast  
To richly dight Demeter, thanking her  
For her good gifts since with no grudging hand  
Hath the boon goddess filled the wheaten floors  
So come the way, the day, is thine as mine  
Try we our woodcraft—each may learn from each

I am, as thou, a clation voice of song,  
All hail me chief of minstrels But I am not,  
Heaven knows, o'ercredulous no, I scarce can yet  
(I think) outvie Philetas, nor the bard  
Of Samos, champion of Sicilian song  
They are as cicadas challenged by a frog "

I spoke to gain mine ends and laughing light  
He said "Accept this club as thou'rt indeed  
A born truth teller, shaped by heaven's own hand!  
I hate your builders who would rear a house  
High as Oromedon's mountain pinnacle  
I hate your song-birds too, whose cuckoo-cry  
Struggles (in vain) to match the Chian bard  
But come, we'll sing forthwith, Simichidas,  
Our woodland music and for my part I--  
Last, comrade, if you like the simple air  
I forged among the uplands yesterday

[Sings] Safe be my true love convoyed o'er the main  
To Mitylene—though the southern blast  
Chase the lithe waves, while westward slant the Kids,  
Or low above the verge Orion stand--  
If from Love's furnace she will rescue me,  
For Lycidas is parched with hot desire  
Let halcyons lay the sea waves and the winds,

Northwind and Westwind, that in shores far-off  
Flutters the seaweed—halcyons, of all birds  
Whose prey is on the waters, held most dear  
By the green Nereids yea let all things smile  
On her to Mitylene voyaging,  
And in fair harbour may she ride at last  
I on that day, a chaplet woven of dill  
Or rose or simple violet on my brow,  
Will draw the wine of Pteleas from the cask  
Stretched by the ingle They shall roast me beans,  
And elbow deep in thyme and asphodel  
And quaintly earling parsley shall be piled  
My bed of rushes, where in royal ease  
I sit and, thinking of my darling, drain  
With stedfast lip the liquor to the dregs  
I'll have a pair of pipers, shepherds both,  
This from Acharnæ, from Lycopè that,  
And Tityrus shall be near me and shall sing  
How the swain Daphnis loved the stranger maid,  
And how he ranged the fells, and how the oaks  
(Such oaks as Himera's banks are green withal)  
Sang dirges o'er him wan'ing fast away  
Like snow on Athos, or on Haemus high,  
Or Rhodopè, or utmost Caucasus  
And he shall sing me how the big chest held  
(All through the maniac malice of his lord)

A living goatherd how the round faced bees,  
Lured from their meadow by the cedar smell  
Fed him with daintiest flowers, because the Muse  
Had made his throat a well spring of sweet song  
Happy Comatas, this sweet lot was thine!  
Thee the chest prisooned, for thee the honey bees  
Toiled, as thou slavedst out the mellowing year  
And oh hadst thou been numbered with the quick  
In my day! I had led thy pretty goats  
About the hill side, listening to thy voice  
While thou hadst laid thee down neath oak or pine,  
Divine Comatas, warbling pleasantly”

He spoke and paused, and thereupon spoke I  
“I too, friend Lycid, as I ranged the fells,  
Have learned much lore and pleasant from the Nymph  
Whose fame mayhap hath reached the throne of Zen  
But this wherewith I'll grace thee ranks the first  
Thou listen, since the Muses like thee well.

[Sings] On me the young Loves sneezed for hap  
less I

Am fain of Myrto as the goats of Spring  
But my best friend Aratus only pines  
For one who loves him not Aristis saw—  
(A wondrous seer is he, whose lute and lay

## HARVEST HOME

Shrinèd Apollo's self would scarce disdain)—  
How love had scorched Aratus to the bone  
O Pan, who hauntest Homolè's fair champaign,  
Bring the soft charmer, whosoe'er it be,  
Unbid to his sweet arms—so, gracious Pan,  
May ne'er thy ribs and shoulderblades be lashed  
With squills by young Arcadians, whensoe'er  
They are scant of supper! But should this my prayer  
Mishike thee, then on nettles mayest thou sleep,  
Dinted and sore all over from their claws!  
Then mayest thou lodge amid Edonian hills  
By Hebrus, in midwinter, there subsist,  
The Bear thy neighbour and, in summer, range  
With the far Æthiops 'neath the Bloomyan rocks  
Whero Nile is no more seen! But O ye Loves,  
Whose cheeks are like pink apples, quit your homes  
By Hyetis, or Byblis' pleasant rill,  
Or fair Dionè's rocky pedestal,  
And strike that fair one with your arrows, strike  
The ill starred damsel who disdains my friend.  
And lo, what is she but an o'er-ripe pear?  
The girls all cry 'Her bloom is on the wane'  
We'll watch, Aratus, at that porch no more,  
Nor waste shoe-leather. let the morning cock  
Crow to wake others up to numb despair!  
Let Molon, and none else, that ordeal brave:

While we make ease our study, and secure  
Some witch, to charm all evil from our door "

I ceased He, smiling sweetly as before,  
Gave me the staff, 'the Muses' parting gift,'  
And leftward sloped tow rd Pyxa We the while  
Bent us to Phrasydeme s, Escritus and I,  
And baby faced Amyntas there we lay  
Half buried in a couch of fragrant reed  
And fresh cot vineleaves who so glad as we?  
A wealth of elm and poplar shook o'er head  
Hard by a sacred spring flowed gurgling on  
From the Nymphs' grot, and in the sombre boughs  
The sweet cicada chirped laboriously  
Hid in the thick thorn bushes far away  
The treefrog's note was heard the crested lark  
Sang with the goldfinch, turtles made their moan,  
And o'er the fountain hung the gilded bee  
All of rich summer smacked, of autumn all  
Pears at our feet, and apples at our side  
Rolled in luxuriance, branches on the ground  
Sprawled, overweighed with damsons, while we  
brushed  
From the cask's head the crust of four long years  
Say, ye who dwell upon Parnassian peaks,  
Nymphs of Castalia, did old Chiron e'er

Set before Heracles a cup so brave  
In Pholus' cavern—did as nectarous draughts  
Cause that Ananian shepherd, in whose hand  
Rocks were as pebbles, Polypheme the strong,  
Featly to foot it o'er the cottage lawns:—  
As, ladies, ye bid flow that day for us  
All by Demeter's shrine at harvest-home?  
Beside whose cornstacks may I oft again  
Plant my broad fan while she stands by and smiles,  
Poppies and cornsheaves on each laden arm.

## IDI LL. VIII

### The Triumph of Daphnis

*DAPHNIS MENALCAS A GOATHERD*

DAPHNIS, the gentle herdsman, met once, as legend tells,

Menalcas making with his flock the circle of the fells.  
Both chins were gilt with coming beards both lads could sing and play

Menalcas glanced at Daphnis, and thus was heard to say —

"Art thou for singing, Daphnis, lord of the lowing kine?"

I say my songs are better, by what thou wilt, than thine"

Then in his turn spake Daphnis, and thus he made reply

"O shepherd of the fleecy flock, thou pipest clear and high,

But come what will, Menalcas, thou ne'er wilt sing as I"

MENALCAS

This art thou fain to ascertain, and risk a bet with me?

DAPHNIS

This I full fain would ascertain, and risk a bet with thee

MENALCAS

But what, for champions such as we, would seem a  
fitting prize?

DAPHNIS

I stake a calf, stake thou a lamb, its mother's self in  
size

MENALCAS

A lamb I'll venture never for aye at close of day  
Father and mother count the flock, and passing strict  
are they

DAPHNIS

Then what shall be the victor's fee? What wager wilt  
thou lay?

MENALCAS

A pipe discoursing through nine mouths I made, full  
fair to view,

## IDYLL VIII

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The wax is white thereon, the line of this and that  
edge true

I'll risk it risk my father's own is more than I dare  
do

## DAPHNIS

A pipe discoursing through nine mouths, and fair, hath  
Daphnis too

The wax is white thereon, the line of this and that  
edge true

But yesterday I made it this finger feels the pain  
Still, where indeed the rifted reed hath cut it clean in  
twain

But who shall be our umpire? who listen to our strain?

## ME\ALCAS

Suppose we hail yon goatherd, him at whose horned  
herd now

The dog is barking—yonder dog with white upon his  
brow

Then out they called the goatherd marked them,  
and up came he,

Then out they sang, the goatherd their umpire fain  
would be

To shrill Menalcas' lot it fell to start the woodland lay  
 Then Daphnis took it up And thus Menalcas led the  
 way

## MENALCAS

"Rivers and vales, a glorious birth! Oh if Menalcas e'er  
 Piped aught of pleasant music in your ears  
 Then pasture, nothing loth, his lambs, and let young  
 Daphnis fare  
 No worse, should he stray hither with his steers "

## DAPHNIS

"Pastures and rills, a bounteous race! If Daphnis  
 Sang you e'er  
 Such songs as ne'er from nightingale have flowed,  
 Then to his herd your fatness lend, and let Menalcas  
 share  
 Like boon, should e'er he wend along this road "

## MENALCAS

"'Tis spring, 'tis greenness everywhere, with milk the  
 udders teem,  
 And all things that are young have life anew,  
 Where my sweet maiden wanders but parched and  
 withered seem,  
 When she departeth, lawn and shepherd too "

## IDYLL VIII

## DAPHNIS

"Fat are the sheep, the goats bear twins, the hives  
 are thronged with bees,  
 Rises the oak beyond his natural growth,  
 Where falls my darling's footstep but bungliness  
 shall seize,  
 When she departeth, herd and herdsman both"

## ME\ALCAS

"Come, ram, with thy blunt muzzled kids and sleek  
 wives at thy side,  
 Where winds the brook by woodlands myriad-deep  
 There is her haunt Go, Stump horn, tell her how  
 Proteus phed  
 (A god) the shepherd's trade, with seals for sheep"

## DAPHNIS

"I ask not gold, I ask not the broad lands of a king,  
 I ask not to be fleetier than the breeze,  
 But 'neath this steep to watch my sheep, feeding as  
 one, and fling  
 (Still clasping her) my carol o'er the seas"

## ME\ALCAS

"Storms are the fruit tree's bane, the brook's, a  
 summer hot and dry,  
 The stag's a woven net, a gin the dove's,

## THE TRIUMPH OF DAPHNIS.

Mankind's, a soft sweet maiden    Others have pined  
      ere I

Zeus! Father! hadst not thou thy lady-loves?

Thus far, in alternating strains, the lads their woes  
rehearst

Then each one gave a closing stave. Thus sang  
Menalcas first —

### MENALCAS

“O spare, good wolf, my weanlings! their milky  
mothers spare!

Harm not the little lad that hath so many in his cr—  
What, Firefly, is thy sleep so deep? It ill befits  
hound,

Tending a boyish master's flock, to slumber over-  
sound

And, wethers, of this tender grass take, nothing coy,  
your fill

So, when it comes, the after-math shall find you feeding  
still

So! so! graze on, that ye be full, that not an udder  
fail

Part of the milk shall rear the lambs, and part shall  
fill my pail”

Then Daphnis flung a carol out, as of a nightingale —

## DAPHNIS

" Me from her grot but yesterday a girl of haughty  
brow

Spied as I passed her with my kine, and said, " How  
fair art thou! "

I vow that not one bitter word in answer did I say,  
But, looking ever on the ground, went silently my way  
The heifer's voice, the heifer's breath, are passing  
sweet to me

And sweet is sleep by summer brooks upon the breezy  
lea

As acorns are the green oak's pride, apples the apple-  
bough's,

So the cow glorieth in her calf, the cowherd in his  
cows "

Thus the two lads, then spoke the third, sitting his  
goats among

"

## GOATHERD

" O Daphnis, lovely is thy voice, thy music sweetly  
sung,

Such song is pleasanter to me than honey on my  
tongue

Accept this pipe, for thou hast won And should  
there be some notes

That thou couldst teach me, as I plod alongside with  
my goats,  
I'll give thee for thy schooling this ewe, that horns  
hath none  
Day after day she'll fill the can, until the milk o'errun."

Then how the one lad laughed and leaped and  
clapped his hands for glee!  
A kid that bounds to meet its dam might dance as  
merrily  
And how the other only burned, struck down by his  
disgrace!  
A maid first parting from her home might wear as sad  
a face.

Thenceforth was Daphnis champion of all the  
country side  
And won, while yet in topmost youth, a Naiad for his  
bride

## IDYLL IX.

### Pastorals

*DAPHNIS MENALCAS A SHEPHERD*

SHEPHERD

A SONG from Daphnis! Open be the lay,  
He open and Menalcas follow next  
While the calves suck, and with the barren kine  
The young bulls graze, or roam knee-deep in leaves,  
And no'er play truant. But a song from thee,  
Daphnis—anon Menalcas will reply

DAPHNIS

Sweet is the chorus of the calves and kine,  
And sweet the herdsman's pipe! But none may  
vie  
With Daphnis, and a rush strown bed is mine  
Near a cool rill, where carpeted I lie  
On fair white goatskins From a hill top high

The westwind swept me down the herd entire,  
 Cropping the strawberries whence it comes that I  
 No more heed summer, with his breath of fire,  
 Than lovers heed the words of mother and of sire.

Thus Daphnis and Menalcas answered thus —

## MENALCAS

O AEtne, mother mine! A grotto fair,  
 Scooped in the rocks, have I and there I keep  
 All that in dreams men picture! Treasured there  
 Are multitudes of she goats and of sheep,  
 Swathed in whose wool from top to toe I sleep  
 The fire that boils my pot, with oak or beech  
 Is piled—dry beech logs when the snow lies  
 deep,  
 And storm and sunshine, I disdain them each  
 As toothless sires a nut, when broth is in their reach

I clapped applause, and straight produced my gifts  
 A staff for Daphnis—'twas the handiwork  
 Of nature, in my father's acres grown  
 Yet might a turner find no fault therewith  
 I gave his mate a goodly spiral shell  
 We stalked its inmate on the Icarian rocks  
 And ate him, parted fivefold among five

## IDYLL IX.

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He blew forthwith the trumpet on his shell.  
Tell, woodland Muse—and then farewell—what song  
I, the chance-comer, sang before those twain.

### *SHEPHERD*

Ne'er let a falsehood scarify my tongue !  
Crickets with crickets, ants with ants agree,  
And hawks with hawks and music sweetly sung,  
Beyond all else, is grateful unto me  
Filled aye with music may my dwelling be !  
Not slumber, not the bursting forth of Spring  
So charms me, nor the flowers that tempt the bee,  
As those sweet Sisters. He, on whom they flung  
One gracious glance, is proof to Circè's blandishing

## IDYLL X.

### The Two Workmen.

*MILo BATTUS*

WHAT now, poor o'erworked drudge, is on thy  
mind?

No more in even swathe thou layest the corn:  
Thy fellow-reapers leave thee far behind,

As flocks a ewe that's footsore from a thorn.  
By noon and midday what will be thy plight  
If now, so soon, thy sickle fails to bite?

*BATTUS*

Hewn from hard rocks, untired at set of sun,  
Milo, didst ne'er regret some absent one?

*MILo.*

Not I. What time have workers for regret?

*BATTUS.*

Hath love ne'er kept thee from thy slumbers yet?

MILLO

Nay, heaven forbid! If once the cat taste cream!

BATTUS

Milo, these ten days love hath been my dream.

MILLO

You drain your wine, while vinegar's scarce with me

BATTUS

—Hence since last spring untrimmed my borders be

MILLO

And what lass flouts thee?

BATTUS

She whom we heard play  
Amongst Hippocoon's reapers yesterday

MILLO

Your sins have found you out—you're e'en served  
right

You'll clasp a corn crake in your arms all night

BATTUS

You laugh but headstrong Love is blind no less  
Than Piatus talking big is foolishness

## MILLO

I talk not big But lay the corn ears low  
 And trill the while some love song—easier so  
 Will seem your toil you used to sing, I know

## PATTUS

Maids of Pieria, of my slim lass sing!  
 One touch of yours ennobles everything

[*Sings*]

Fairy Bombyca! thee do men report  
 Lean, dusk, a gipsy I alone nut brown.  
 Violets and pencilled hyacinths are swart,  
 Yet first of flowers they're chosen for a crown  
 As goats pursue the clover, wolves the goat,  
 And cranes the ploughman, upon thee I dote

Had I but Cœesus' wealth, we twain should stand  
 Gold sculptured in Love's temple, thou, thy lyre  
 (Ay or a rose or apple) in thy hand,  
 I in my brave new shoon and dance attire  
 Fairy Bombyca! twinkling dice thy feet,  
 Poppies thy lips, thy ways none knows how sweet!

## MILLO

Who dreamed what subtle strains our bumpkin  
 wrought?  
 How shone the artist in each measured verse!

Fix on the beard that I have grown for naught!

Mark, lad, these lines by glorious Lytierse

[*Sings*]

O rich in fruit and cornblade be this field  
Tilled well, Demeter, and fair frument yield!

Bind the sheaves, reapers lest one, passing, say—  
*'A fig for these, they're never worth their pay'*

Let the mown swathes look northward, y e who mow,  
Or westward—for the ears grow fattest so

Avoid a noontide nap, ye threshing men  
The chaff flies thickest from the corn ears then

Wake when the lark wakes when he slumbers, close  
Your work, ye reapers and at noontide doze

Boys the frogs' life for me! They need not him  
Who fills the flagon, for in drink they swim

Better boil herbs, thou toiler after gain,  
Than, splitting cummin, split thy hand in twain.

Strains such as these, I trow, befit them well

Who toil and moil when noon is at its height  
Thy meagre love-tale, bumpkin, thou shouldst tell  
Thy grandam as she wakes up ere 'tis light.

## IDYLL XI.

### The Giant's Closung.

METHINKS all nature bath no cure for Love,  
Plaster or unguent, Nicas, saving one;  
And this is light and pleasant to a man,  
Yet hard withal to compass—minstrelsy.  
As well thou wottest, being thyself a leech,  
And a prime favourite of those Sisters nine.  
'Twas thus our Giant lived a life of ease,  
Old Polyphemus, when, the down scarce seen  
On lip and chin, he wooed his ocean nymph:  
No curlypated rose-and-apple wocer,  
But a fell madman, blind to all but love.  
Oft from the green grass foldward fared his sheep  
Unbid, while he upon the windy beach,  
Singing his Galatea, sat and pined  
From dawn to dusk, an ulcer at his heart:  
Great Aphroditè's shaft had fixed it there.  
Yet found he that one cure: he sate him down  
On the tall cliff, and seaward looked, and sang.—

" White Galatea, why disdain thy love?  
White as a pressed cheese, delicate as the lamb,  
Wild as the heifer, soft as summer grapes!  
If sweet sleep chain me, here thou walk'st at large;  
If sweet sleep loose me, straightway thou art gone,  
Scared like a sheep that sees the gray wolf near.  
I loved thee, maiden, when thou cam'st long since,  
To pluck the hyacinth blossom on the fell,  
Thou and my mother, piloted by me.  
I saw thee, see thee still, from that day forth  
For ever, but 'tis naught, ay naught, to thee.  
I know, sweet maiden, why thou art so coy—  
Shaggy and huge, a single eyebrow spans  
From ear to ear my forehead, whence one eye  
Gleams, and an o'erbroad nostril tops my lip.  
Yet I, this monster, feed a thousand sheep  
That yield me sweetest draughts at milking-tide:  
In summer, autumn, or midwinter, still  
Fails not my cheese, my milkpail o'erflows.  
Then I can pipe as ne'er did Giant yet,  
Singing our loves—ours, honey, thine and mine—  
At dead of night and hinds I rear eleven  
(Each with her fawn) and bearcubs four, for thee.  
Oh come to me—thou shalt not rue the day—  
And let the mad seas beat against the shore!  
'Twere sweet to haunt my cave the livelong night:

Laurel, and cypress tall, and ivy dun,  
And vines of sumptuous fruitage, all are there.  
And a cold spring that pine clad *Ætna* flings  
Down from the white snow's midst, a draught for gods!  
Who would not change for this the ocean-waves?

"But thou mishik'st my hair" Well, oaken logs  
Are here, and embers yet aglow with fire  
Burn (if thou wilt) my heart out, and mine eye,  
Mine only eye wherein is my delight  
Oh why was I not born a finny thing,  
To float unto thy side and kiss thy hand,  
Denied thy lips—and bring thee lilies white  
And crimson petalled poppies' dainty bloom!  
Nay—summer hath his flowers and autumn his,  
I could not bring all these the self-same day  
Lo, should some mariner hither oar his road,  
Sweet, he shall teach me straightway how to swim,  
That haply I may learn what bliss ye find  
In your sea-homes O Galatea, come  
Forth from yon waves, and coming forth forget  
(As I do, sitting here) to get thee home  
And feed my flocks and milk them, nothing loth,  
And pour the rennet in to fix my cheese!

"The blame's my mother's, she is false to me,  
Spake thee ne'er yet one sweet word for my sake,

Though day by day she sees me pine and pine,  
I'll feign strange throbings in my head and feet  
To anguish her—as I am anguished now ”

O Cyclops, Cyclops, where are flown thy wits?  
Go plait rush-baskets, lop the olive-boughs  
To feed thy lambkins—'twere the shrewder part.  
Chase not the recreant, milk the willing ewe:  
The world hath Galateas fairer yet

“

“—Many a fair damsel bids me sport with her  
The livelong night, and smiles if I give ear.  
On land at least I still am somebody ”

Thus did the Giant feed his love on song,  
And gained more ease than may be bought with gold.

## IDYLL XII

### *The Comrades*

*THOU art come, lad, come!* Scarce thrice hath dusk  
to day

Given place—but lovers in an hour grow gray.  
As spring's more sweet than winter, grapes than  
thorns,

The ewe's fleece richer than her latest-born's;  
As young girls' charms the thrice wed wife's outshine,  
As fawns are lither than the ungainly kine,  
Or as the nightingale's clear notes outvie  
The mingled music of all birds that fly,  
So at thy coming passing glad was I  
I ran to greet thee e'en as pilgrims run  
To beechen shadows from the scorching sun.  
Oh if on us accordant Loves would breathe,  
And our two names to future years bequeath!

‘These twain’—let men say—‘lived in olden days  
This was a *yokel* (in their country phrase),

That was his mate (so talked these simple folk):  
And lovingly they bore a mutual yoke.  
The hearts of men were made of sterling gold,  
When troth met troth, in those brave days of old !

O Zeus, O gods who age not nor decay !  
Let e'en two hundred ages roll away,  
But at the last these tidings let me learn,  
Borne o'er the fatal pool whence none return.—  
"By every tongue thy constancy is sung,  
Thine and thy favourite's—chiefly by the young"  
But lo, the future is in heaven's high hand  
Meanwhile thy graces all my praise demand,  
Not false lip-praise, not idly bubbling froth—  
For though thy wrath be kindled, e'en thy wrath  
Hath no sting in it doubly I am caressed,  
And go my way repaid with interest.

Oarsmen of Megara, ruled by Nisus erst !  
Yours be all bliss, because ye honoured first  
That true child-lover, Attic Diocles  
Around his gravestone with the first spring breeze  
Flock the bairns all, to win the kissing-prize  
And whoso sweetest lip to lip applies  
Goes crown clad home to its mother Blest is he  
Who in such strife is named the referee

To brightfaced Ganymede full oft he'll cry  
To lend his lip the potencies that lie  
Within that stone with which the usurers  
Detect base metal, and which never errs

## IDYLL XIII.

Hydas.

NOT for us only, Nicias, (vain the dream,) Sprang from what god soe'er, was Eros born. Not to us only grace doth graceful seem, Frail things who wot not of the coming morn. No—for Amphitryon's iron hearted son, Who braved the lion, was the slave of one:—

A fair curled creature, Hylas was his name He taught him, as a father might his child, All songs whereby himself had risen to fame; Nor ever from his side would be beguiled When noon was high, nor when white steeds convey Back to heaven's gates the chariot of the day.

\*  
Nor when the hen's shrill brood becomes aware Of bed-time, as the mother's flapping wings

Shadow the dust-brown'd beam    'Twas all his care  
    To shape unto his own imaginings  
And to the harness train his favourite youth,  
Till he became a man in very truth

Meanwhile, when kingly Jason steered in quest  
    Of the Gold Fleece, and chieftains at his side  
Chosen from all cities, proffering each her best,  
    To rich Iolchos came that warrior tried,  
And joined him unto trim-built Argo's crew,  
And with Alcmena's son came Hylas too

Through the great gulf shot Argo like a bird—  
    And by and-bye reached Phasis, ne'er o'erta'en  
By those in-rushing rocks, that have not stirred  
    Since then, but bask, twin monsters, on the main  
But now, when waned the spring, and lambs were fed  
In far off fields, and Pleiads gleamed o'erhead,

That cream and flower of knighthood looked to sail  
    They came, within broad Argo safely stowed,  
(When for three days had blown the southern gale)  
    To Hellespont, and in Propontis rode  
At anchor, where Cianian oxen now  
Broaden the furrows with the busy plough.

They leapt ashore, and, keeping rank, prepared  
Their evening meal a grassy meadow spread  
Before their eyes and many a warrior sbared  
(Thanks to its verdurous stores) one lowly bed  
And while they cut tall marigolds from their stem  
And sworded bulrush, Hylas shipt from them

Water the fair lad went to seek and bring  
To Heracles and stalwart Telamon,  
(The comrades aye partook each other a fare,)  
Bearing a brazen pitcher And anon,  
Where the ground dipt, a fountain he espied,  
And rushes growing green about its side

There rose the sea blue swallow wort, and there  
The pale hued maidenhair, with parsley green  
And vagrant marsh flowers, and a revel rare  
In the pool's midst the water nymphs wero seen  
To hold, those maidens of unslumbrous eyes  
Whom the belated peasant sees and flies.

And fast did Malis and Eunica cling,  
And young Nychea with her April face,  
To the lad's hand, as stooping o'er the spring  
He dipt his pitcher For the young Greek's grace

Made their soft senses reel, and down he fell,  
All of a sudden, into that black well

So drops a red star suddenly from sky  
To sea—and quoth some sailor to his mate.  
"Up with the tackle, boy! the breeze is high"  
Him the nymphs pillow'd, all disconsolate,  
On their sweet laps, and with soft words beguiled,  
But Heracles was troubled for the child

Forth went he, Scythian wise his bow he bore  
And the great club that never quits his side,  
And thrice called 'Hylas'—no er came lustier roar  
From that deep chest Thrice Hylas heard and  
tried  
To answer, but in tones you scarce might hear,  
The water made them distant though so near

And as a lion, when he hears the bleat  
Of fawns among the mountains far away,  
A murderous lion, and with hurrying feet  
Bounds from his lair to his predestined prey.  
So plunged the strong man in the untrodden brake—  
(Lovers are manises)—for his darling's sake

He scoured far fields—what hill or oaken glen

Remembers not that pilgrimage of pain?

His troth to Jason was forgotten then

Long time the good ship tarried for those twain  
With hoisted sails, night came and still they cleared  
The hatches, but no Heracles appeared

On he was wandering, reckless where he trod,

So mad a passion on his vitals preyed  
While Hylas had become a blessed god

But the crew cursed the runaway who had stayed  
Sixty good oars, and left him there to reach  
Afoot bleak Phasis and the Colchian beach

## IDYLL XIV.

The Role of *Æschines.*

*THYOVICHUS. ÆSCHINES.*

*ÆSCHINES.*

HAIL, sir Thyonichus

*THYOVICHUS*

*Æschines, to you.*

*ÆSCHINES.*

I have missed thee

*THYOVICHUS*

Misled me! Why what ails him now?

*ÆSCHINES.*

My friend, I am ill at ease

*THYOVICHUS*

Then this explains

Thy leanness, and thy prodigal moustache

And dried up curls Thy counterpart I saw,  
 A wan Pythagorean, yesterday  
 He said he came from Athens shoes he had none  
 He pined, I'll warrant,—for a quatern loaf

## AESCHINES

Sir, you will joke—But I've been outraged, sore,  
 And by Cynusca I shall go stark mad  
 Ere you suspect—a hair would turn the scale

## TUTOXICNTS

Such thou wert always, Aeschines my friend  
 In lazy mood or trenchant, at thy whim  
 The world must wag. But what a thy grievance now?

## AESCHINES

That Argive, Apis the Thessalian Knight,  
 Myself, and gallant Cleonicus, supped  
 Within my grounds. Two pullets I had slain,  
 And a prime pig and broached my Bibian wine,  
 'Twas four years old, but fragrant as when new  
 Truffles were served to us and the drink was good  
 Well, we got on and each must drain a cup  
 To whom he fancied, only each must name  
 We named, and took our liquor as ordained,  
 But she sate silent—this before my face

Fancy my feelings! "Wilt not speak? Hast seen  
A wolf?" some wag said "Shrewdly guessed,"  
quoth she,

And blushed—her blushes might have fired a torch.  
A wolf had charmed her Wolf her neighbour's son,  
Goodly and tall, and fair in divers eyes:  
For his illustrious sake it was she pined.  
This had been breathed, just idly, in my ear:  
Shame on my beard, I ne'er pursued the hint.  
Well, when we four were deep amid our cups,  
The Knight must sing 'The Wolf' (a local song)  
Right through, for mischief. All at once she wept  
Hot tears as girls of six years old might weep,  
Clanging and clamouring round their mother's lap.  
And I, (you know my humour, friend of mine,)  
Drove at his face, one, two! She gathered up  
Her robes and vanished straightway through the door.  
"And so I fail to please, false lady mine?  
Another lies more welcome in thy lap?  
Go warm that other's heart: he'll say thy tears  
Are liquid pearls" And as a swallow flies  
Forth in a hurry, here or there to find  
A mouthful for her brood among the eaves:  
From her soft sofa passing-swift she fled  
Through folding-doors and hall, with random feet:  
'The stag had gained his heath': you know the rest.

## IDYLL XV.

### The Festival of Adonis.

GORGO PRAXINOË.

GORGO.

PRAXINOË in?

PRAXINOË

Yes, Gorgo dear! At last!  
That you're here now's a marvel! See to a chair,  
A cushion, Eupœa!

GORGO

I lack naught.

PRAXINOË.

Get down.

GORGO.

Oh, what a thing is spirit! Hero I am,  
Praxinoë, safe at last from all that crowd

And all those chariots—every street a mass  
 Of boots and uniforms! And the road, my dear,  
 Seemed endless—you live now so far away!

## PRAXINOÄ

This land's end den—I cannot call it house—  
 My madcap hired to keep us twain apart  
 And stir up strife 'Twas like him, odious pest!

## GORGO

Nay call not, dear, your lord, your Deimon, names  
 'To the babe's face Look how it stares at you!  
 There, baby dear, she never meant Papa!  
 It understands, by'r lady! Dear Papa!

## PRAXINOÄ

Well, yesterday (that means what day you like)  
 'Papa' had rouge and hair powder to buy,  
 He brought back salt! this oaf of six foot-one!

## GORGO

Just such another is that pickpocket  
 My Diocleides He bought t' other day  
 Six fleeces at seven drachms, his last exploit  
 What were they? scraps of worn-out pedlar's bags,  
 Sheer trash —But put your cloak and mantle on,

And we'll to Ptolemy's, the sumptuous king,  
 To see the *Adonis* As I hear, the queen  
 Provides *is something* gorgeous

PRAXINOA

Ay, the grand

*Q*uia do things grandly

CONCO

When you've seen yourself,  
 What tales you'll have to tell to those who've not.  
 'Twere time we started!

PRAXINOA

All time's holiday

With idlers! Eunoa, pampered minx the jug!  
 Set it down here—you cats would sleep all day  
 On cushions—Stir yourself, fetch water, quick!  
 Water's our first want How she holds the jug!  
 Now, pour—not, cormorant in that wasteful way.  
 You've drenched my dress, bad luck t' you! There,  
 enough

I have made such toilet as my fates allowed  
 Now for the key o' the plate chest Bring it, quick!

CONCO

My dear, that full pelisse becomes you well.

What did it stand you in, straight off the loom?

PRAXINOË.

Don't ask me, Gorgo two good pounds and more  
Then I gave all my mind to trimming it.

GORGÖ.

Well, 'tis a great success

PRAXINOË

I think it is

My mantle, Eunoë, and my parasol!  
Arrange me nicely Babe, you'll bide at home!  
Horses would bite you—Boo!—Yes, cry your fill,  
But we won't have you maimed Now let's be off  
You, Phrygia, take and nurse the tiny thing:  
Call the dog in make fast the outer door!

[Exeunt.

Gods! what a crowd! How, when shall we get past  
This nuisance, these unending ant-like swarms?  
Yet, Ptolemy, we owe thee thanks for much  
Since heaven received thy sire! No miscreant now  
Creeps Thug-like up, to maul the passer-by  
What games men played erewhile—men shaped in  
crime,

Birds of a feather, rascals every one !  
 —We're done for, Gorgo darling—here they are,  
 The Royal horses ! Sweet sir, don't trample me !  
 That bay—the savage !—reared up straight on end !  
 Fly, Eunoe, can't you ? Doggedly she stands.  
 He'll be his rider's death !—How glad I am  
 My habo's at home.

cosco

Praxinoa, never mind !

See, we're before them now, and they're in line.

PRAXINOA

There, I'm myself    But from a child I feared  
 Horses, and slimy snakes    But haste we on :  
 A surging multitude is close behind

cosco [*to Old Lady*].

From the palace, mother ?

OLD LADY.

Ay, child.

GORGEO.

Of access ?

Is it fair

## THE FESTIVAL OF ADONIS.

OLD LADY.

Trying brought the Greeks to Troy  
Young ladies, they must try who would succeed

GORGΩ

The crone hath said her oracle and gone  
Women know all—how Adam married Eve  
—Praxinoa, look what crowds are round the door!

PRAXINΩ

Fearful! Your hand, please, Gorgo Eunoe, you  
Hold Eutychis—hold tight or you'll be lost.  
We'll enter in a body—hold us fast!  
Oh dear, my muslin dress is torn in two,  
Gorgo, already! Pray, good gentleman,  
(And happiness be yours) respect my robe!

STRANGER.

I could not if I would—nathless I will.

PRAXINΩ

They come in hundreds, and they push like swine.

STRANGER

Lady, take courage. it is all well now.

## PRAXINOA.

And now and ever be it well with thee,  
 Sweet man, for shielding us ! An honest soul  
 And kindly Oh ! they're smothering Eunœa :  
 Pash, coward ! That's right ! 'All in,' the bride-  
 groom said  
 And locked the door upon himself and bride.

## GOZOO

Praxinœa, look ! Note well this broidery first.  
 How exquisitely fine—too good for earth !  
 Empress Athene, what strange sempstress wrought  
 Such work ? What painter painted, realized  
 Such pictures ? Just like life they stand or move,  
 Facts and not fancies ! What a thing is man !  
 How bright, how lifelike on his silv'rn couch  
 Lies, with youth's bloom scarce shadowing his cheek,  
 That dear Adonis, lovely e'en in death !

## A STRANGER

Bud luck t' you, cease your senseless pigeon's prate !  
 Their brogue is killing—every word a drawl !

## GOEGO

Where did he spring from ? Is our prattle aught  
 To you, Sir ? Order your own slaves about :  
 You're ordering Syracusan ladies now !

Corinthians bred (to tell you one fact more)  
 As was Bellerophon islanders in speech,  
 For Dorians may talk Doric, I presume?

## PHAXINOA

Persephonè! none lords it over me,  
 Save one! No scullion's wage for us from you

## GORRO

Hush, dear The Argive's daughter's going to sing  
*The Adonis* that accomplished vocalist  
 Who has no rival in "*The Sailor's Grace*"  
 Observe her attitudinizing now

## Song

Queen, who lov'st Golgi and the Sicel hill  
 And Ida, Aphroditè radiant-eyed,  
 The stealthy footed Hours from Acheron's rill  
 Brought once again Adonis to thy side  
 How changed in twelve short months! They travel  
 slow,  
 Those precious Hours we hail their advent still,  
 For blessings do they bring to all below  
 O Sea born! thou didst erst, or legend lies,  
 Shed on a woman's soul thy grace benign,  
 And Berenice's dust immortalize.

## IDYLL XVI.

### The Value of Song.

WHAT gives the Muse's, what the minstrel's lays?  
Hers come immortal's, ours some hero's praise,  
Heaven is her theme, as heavenly was her birth:  
We, of earth earthy, sing the sons of earth.  
Yet who, of all that see the gray morn rise,  
Lists not his latch and hails with eager eyes  
My Songs, yet sends them guerdonless away?  
Barefoot and angry homeward journey they,  
Taunt him who sent them on that idle quest,  
Then crouch them deep within their empty chest,  
(When wageless they return, their dismal bed)  
And hide on their chill knees once more their patient  
head.

Where are those good old times? Who thinks us, why,  
For our good word? Men list not now to do  
Great deeds and worthy of the minstrel's verse:  
Vassals of gain, their hand is on their purse,  
Their eyes on lucre: ne'er a rusty nail  
They'll give in kindness; this being aye their tale:—

"Kin before kith, to prosper is my prayer;  
 Poets, we know, are heaven's peculiar care  
 We've Homer; and what other's worth a thought?  
 I call him chief of bards who costs me naught."

Yet what if all your chests with gold are lined?  
 Is this enjoying wealth? Oh fools and blind!  
 Part on your heart's desire, on minstrels spend  
 Part, and your kindred and your kind befriend:  
 And daily to the gods bid altar-fires ascend  
 Nor be ye churlish hosts, but glad the heart  
 Of guests with wine, when they must needs depart.  
 And reverence most the priests of sacred song  
 So, when hell hides you, shall your names live long;  
 Not doomed to wail on Acheron's sunless sands,  
 Like some poor hind, the inward of whose hands  
 The spade hath gnarled and knotted, born to groan,  
 Poor sire's poor offspring, hapless Penury's own!

Their monthly dole erewhile unnumbered thralls  
 Sought in Antiochus', in Aleuas' halls,  
 On to the Scopadæ's byres in endless line  
 The calves ran lowing with the horned line;  
 And, marshalled by the good Creondæ's swains  
 Myriads of choice sheep basked on Cranron's plains.  
 Yet had their joyance ended, on the day

When their sweet spirit dispossessed its clay,  
To hated Acheron's ample barge resigned  
Nameless, their stored up luxury left behind,  
With the lorn dead through ages had they lain,  
Had not a minstrel bade them live again —  
Had not in woven words the Cean sun  
Holding sweet converse with his full toned lyre  
Made even their swift steeds for aye renowned,  
When from the sacred lists they came home crowned.  
Forgot were Lycia's chiefs, and Hector's bair  
Of gold, and Cycnus femininely fair,  
But that bards bring old battles back to mind,  
Odysseus—he who roamed amongst mankind  
A hundred years and more, reached utmost hell  
Alive, and 'scaped the giant's hideous cell—  
Had lived and died Eumeus and his swine,  
Philoctetus, busy with his herded kine,  
And great Laertes' self, had passed away,  
Were not their names preserved in Homer's lay.  
Through song alone may man true glory taste,  
The dead man's riches his survivors waste

But count the waves, with yon gray wind swept main  
Borne shoreward from a red brick wash his stain  
In some pool's violet depths 'twill task thee yet  
To reach the heart on baleful avarice set.

To such I say ' Fare well ' . Let theirs be store  
Of wealth , but let them always crave for more :  
Horses and males inferior things I find  
To the esteem and love of all mankind

But to what mortal's roof may I repair,  
I and my Muse , and find a welcome there ?  
I and my Muse for minstrels fare but ill ,  
Reft of those maids , who know the mightiest's will ,  
The cycle of the years , it flags not yet ,  
In many a chariot many a steed shall sweat  
And one , to manhood grown , my lays shall claim ,  
Whose deeds shall rival great Achilles' fame ,  
Who from stont *Aias* might have won the prize  
On Simois' plain , where Phrygian Ilus lies  
Now , in their sunset home on Libya's heel ,  
Phœnicia's sons unwonted chillness feel  
Now , with his targe of willow at his breast ,  
The Syracusan bears his spear in rest ,  
Amongst these Hiero arms him for the war ,  
Eager to fight as warriors fought of yore ,  
The plumes float darkling o'er his helmed brow .  
O Zeus , the sire most glorious , and O thou ,  
Empress *Athenè* , and thou , damsel fair ,  
Who with thy mother wast decreed to bear  
Rule o'er rich Corinth , o'er that city of pride

Beside whose walls Anapus' waters glide —  
May ill winds waft across the Southern sea  
(Of late a legion, now but two or three,)  
Far from our isle, our foes, the doom to tell,  
To wife and child, of those they loved so well;  
While the old race enjoy once more the lands  
Spoiled and insulted erst by alien hands!

And fair and fruitful may their cornlands be!  
Their flocks in thousands bleat upon the lea,  
Fat and full fed, their line, as home they wind,  
The lagging traveller of his rest remind!  
With might and main their fallows let them till:  
Till comes the seedtime, and cicadas trill  
(Hid from the toilers of the hot midday  
In the thick leafage) on the topmost spray!  
O'er shield and spear their webs let spiders spin,  
And none so much as name the battle-din!  
Then Hiero's lofty deeds may minstrels bear  
Beyond the Scythian ocean main, and where  
Within those ample walls, with asphalt made  
Time proof, Semiramis her empire swayed.  
I am but a single voice but many a bard  
Beside me do those heavenly mands regard.  
May those all love to sing, 'mid earth's acclaim,  
Of Sicel Arethuse, and Hiero's fame.

O Graces, royal nurselings, who hold dear  
The Minyæ's city, once the Theban's fear :  
Unbidden I tarry, whither bidden I fare  
My Muse my comrade And be ye too there,  
Sisters divine ! Were ye and song forgot,  
What grace had earth ? With you be aye my lot !

## IDYLL XVII.

### The Praise of Ptolemy.

WITH Zeus begin, sweet sisters, end with Zeus,  
When ye would sing the sovereign of the skies:  
But first among mankind rank Ptolemy,  
First, last, and midmost, being past compare.  
Those mighty ones of old, half men half gods,  
Wrought deeds that shine in many a subtle strain.  
I, no unpractised minstrel, sing but him,  
Divinest ears disdain not minstrelsy  
But as a woodman sees green Ida rise  
Pine above pine, and ponders which to fell  
First of those myriads, even so I pause  
Where to begin the chapter of his praise:  
For thousand and ten thousand are the gifts  
Wherewith high heaven hath graced the kingliest king.

Was not he born to compass noblest ends,  
Lagus' own son, so soon as he matured

Schemes such as ne'er had dawned on meaner minds;  
Zeus doth esteem him as the blessed gods,  
In the sun's courts his golden mansion stands  
And near him Alexander sits and smiles,  
The turbaned Persian's dread, and, fronting both,  
Rises the stedfast adamantine seat  
Erst fashioned for the bull-slayer Heracles.  
Who there holds revels with his heavenly mates,  
And sees, with joy exceeding, children rise  
On children; for that Zeus exempts from age  
And death their frames who sprang from Heracles:  
And Ptolemy, like Alexander, claims  
From him, his gallant son their common sire  
And when, the banquet o'er, the Strong Man wends,  
Cloyed with rich nectar, home unto his wife,  
This kinsman hath in charge his cherished shafts  
And bow, and that his gnarled and knotted club,  
And both to white-limbed Hebe's bower of bliss  
Convey the bearded warrior and his arms.

Then how among wise ladies—blest the pair  
That reared her!—peerless Berenice shone!  
Dionè's sacred child, the Cyprian queen,  
O'er that sweet bosom passed her taper hands:  
And hence, 'tis said, no man loved woman e'er  
As Ptolemy loved her. She o'er-repaid

His love ; so, nothing doubting, he could leave  
His substance in his loyal children's care,  
And rest with her, fond husband with fond wife.  
She that loves not bears sons, but all unlike  
Their father : for her heart was otherwhere.

O Aphroditè, matchless e'en in heaven  
For beauty, thou didst love her, wouldst not let  
Thy Berenicè cross the wanful waves :  
But thy hand snatched her—to the blue lake bound  
Else, and the dead's grim ferryman—and enshrined  
With thee, to share thy honours. There she sits,  
To mortals ever kind, and passion soft  
Inspires, and makes the lover's burden light.  
The dark-browed Argive, linked with Tydeus, bare  
Diomed the slayer, famed in Calydon :  
And deep-veiled Thetis unto Peleus gave  
The javelbeer Achilles. Thou wast born  
Of Berenicè, Ptolemy by name  
And by descent, a warrior's warrior child  
Ces from its mother's arms her babe received,  
Its destined nursery, on its natal day.  
'Twas there Antigone's daughter in her pangs  
Cried to the goddess that could bid them cease :  
Who soon was at her side, and lo ! her limbs  
Forgot their anguish, and a child was born

## THE PRAISE OF PTOLEMY.

Fair, its sire's self. Cos saw, and shouted loud;  
Handled the babe all tenderly, and spake:

"Wake, babe, to bliss: prize me, as Phœbus doth  
His azure-sphered Delos grace the hill  
Of Triops, and the Dorians' sister shores,  
As king Apollo his Rhenæa's isle."

So spake the isle. An eagle high o'erhead  
Poised in the clouds screamed thrice, the prophetic  
bird

Of Zeus, and sent by him. For awful kings  
All are his care, those chieftest on whose birth  
He smiled: exceeding glory waits on them:  
Theirs is the sovereignty of land and sea.  
But if a myriad realms spread far and wide  
O'er earth, if myriad nations till the soil  
To which heaven's rain gives increase - yet what land  
Is green as low-lying Egypt, when the Nile  
Wells forth and piecemeal breaks the sodden glebe?  
Where are like cities, peopled by like men?  
Lo he hath seen three hundred towns arise,  
Three thousand, yea three myriad; and o'er all  
He rules, the prince of heroes, Ptolemy.  
Claims half Phœnicia, and half Araby,  
Syria and Libya, and the Æthiops mark

Sways the Pamphylian and Cilician braves,  
The Lycian and the Carian trained to war,  
And all the isles for never fleet like his  
Rode upon ocean land and sea alike  
And sounding rivers hail king Ptolemy.  
Many are his horsemen, many his targeteers,  
Whose burdened breast is bright with clashing steel;  
Light are all royal treasures, weighed with his.  
For wealth from all climes travels day by day  
To his rich realm, a hive of prosperous peace.  
No foeman's tramp scares monster-peopled Nile,  
Waking to war her far off villages .  
No armed robber from his war ship leaps  
To spoil the herds of Egypt Such a prince  
Sits throned in her broad plains, in whose right arm  
Quivers the spear, the bright-haired Ptolemy.  
Like a true king, he guards with might and main  
The wealth his sires' arm won him and his own.  
Nor strown all idly o'er his sumptuous halls  
Lie piles that seem the work of labouring ants.  
The holy homes of gods are rich therewith,  
Theirs are the firstfruits, earnest aye of more.  
And freely mighty kings thereof partake,  
Freely great cities, freely honoured friends.  
None entered e'er the sacred lists of song,  
Whose lips could breathe sweet music, but he gained

Fair guerdon at the hand of Ptolemy.  
And Ptolemy do music's votaries hymn  
For his good gifts—hath man a fairer lot  
Than to have earned much fame among mankind?  
The Atridæ's name abides, while all the wealth  
Won from the sack of Priam's stately home  
A mist closed o'er it, to be seen no more  
Ptolemy, he only, treads a path whose dust  
Burns with the footprints of his ancestors,  
And overlays those footprints with his own  
He raised rich shrines to mother and to sire,  
There reared their forms in ivory and gold,  
Passing in beauty, to befriend mankind  
Thighs of fat oxen oftentimes he burns  
On crimsoning altars, as the months roll on,  
Ay he and his staunch wife No fairer bride  
E'er clasped her lord in royal palaces  
And her heart's love her brother-husband won.  
In such blest union joined the immortal pair  
Whom queenly Rhea bore, and heaven obeys:  
One couch the maiden of the rainbow decks  
With myrrh-dipt hands for Hera and for Zeus

Now farewell, prince! I rank thee aye with gods:  
And read this lesson to the afterdays,  
Mayhap they'll prize it. 'Honour is of Zeus.'

## IDYLL XVIII.

### *The Bridal of Helen.*

WHILOM, in Lacedæmon,  
Tript many a maiden fair  
To gold tressed Menelaus' halls,  
With hyacinths in her hair  
Twelve to the Painted Chamber,  
The queenliest in the land,  
The clustered loveliness of Greece,  
Came dancing hand in hand  
For Helen, Tyndarus' daughter,  
Had just been wooed and won,  
Helen the darling of the world,  
By Atreus' younger son  
With woven steps they beat the floor  
In unison, and sang  
Their bridal-hymn of triumph  
Till all the palace rang

“ Slumberest so soon, sweet bridegroom ?  
Art thou o'erfond of sleep ?  
Or hast thou leadenweighted limbs ?  
Or hadst thou drank too deep  
When thou didst fling thee to thy lair ?  
Betimes thou should'st have sped,  
If sleep were all thy purpose,  
Unto thy bachelor's bed :  
And left her in her mother's arms  
To nestle, and to play  
A girl among her girlish mates  
Till deep into the day :—  
For not alone for this night,  
Nor for the next alone,  
But through the days and through the years  
Thou hast her for thine own.

“ Nay ! heaven, O happy bridegroom,  
Smiled as thou enteredst in  
To Sparta, like thy brother kings,  
And told thee thou should'st win !  
What hero son-in-law of Zeus  
Hath e'er aspired to be ?  
Yet lo ! one coverlet enfolds  
The child of Zeus, and thee.

Ne'er did a thing so lovely  
 Roam the Achæan lea.

" And who shall match her offspring,  
 If babes are like their mother ?  
 For we were playmates once, and ran  
 And raced with one another  
 (All varnished, warrior fashion)  
 Along Eurotas' tide,  
 Thrice eighty gentle maidens,  
 Each in her girlhood's pride.  
 Yet none of all seemed faultless  
 If placed by Helen's side

" As peers the nascent Morning  
 Over thy shades, O Night,  
 When Winter disenchains the land,  
 And Spring goes forth in white.  
 So Helen shone above us,  
 All loveliness and light.

" As climbs aloft some cypress,  
 Garden or glade to grace,  
 As the Thesealian courser lends  
 A lustre to the race :

So bright o'er Lacedemon  
Shone Helen's rosebud face.

"And who into the basket e'er  
The yarn so deftly drew,  
Or through the mazes of the web  
So well the shuttle threw,  
And severed from the framework  
As closelywov'n a warp —  
And who could wake with masterhand  
Such music from the harp,  
To broadlimbed Pallas tuning  
And Artemis her lay—  
As Helen, Helen in whose eyes  
The Loves for ever play?

"O bright, O beautiful, for thee  
Are matron-cares begun  
We to green paths and blossomed meads  
With dawn of morn must run,  
And cull a breathing chaplet,  
And still our dream shall be,  
Helen, of thee, as weanling lambs  
Yearn in the pasture for the dams  
That nursed their infancy.

For thee the lowly lotus bed  
 We'll spoil, and plait a crown  
 To hang upon the shadowy plane ;  
 For thee will we drop down  
 ('Neath that same shadowy platan)  
 Oil from our silver urn ,  
 And carven on the bark shall be  
 This sentence, ' HALLOW HELEU'S TREE ' ;  
 In Dorian letters, legibly  
 For all men to discern

" Now farewell, bride, and bridegroom  
 Blest in thy new-found sire !  
 May Leto, mother of the brave,  
 Bring babes at your desire,  
 And holy Cypris either's breast  
 With mutual transport fire :  
 And Zeus the son of Cronos  
 Grant blessings without end,  
 From princely sire to princely son  
 For ever to descend.

" Sleep on, and love and longing  
 Breathe in each other's breast ;  
 But fail not when the morn returns  
 To rouse you from your rest :

With dawn shall we be stirring,  
When, lifting high his fair  
And feathered neck, the earliest bird  
To clarion to the dawn is heard  
O god of brides and bridals  
Sing ' Happy, happy pair ! ' "

## IDYLL XIX

### Love Stealing Honey

ONCE theevish Love the honeyed hives would rob,  
When a bee stung him soon he felt a throb  
Through all his finger tips, and, wild with pain,  
Blew on his hands and stamped and jumped in vain  
To Aphrodité then he told his woe  
'How can a thing so tiny hurt one so ?'  
She smiled and said, 'Why thou 'rt a tiny thing,  
As is the bee, yet sorely thou canst sting.'

## IDYLL XX.

### Town and Country.

ONCE I would kiss Funicé "Bick," quoth she,  
And screamed and stormed, "a sorry clown kiss  
me?"

Your country compliments, I like not such,  
No lips but gentles' would I deign to touch  
Ne'er dream of kissing me alike I shun  
Your face, your lhn, usgo, and your tigerish sun  
How winning are your tones, how fine your air!  
Your beard how silken and how sweet your hair!  
Pah! you've a sick man's lips, a blackamoor's hang  
Your breath's defilement! Leave me, I command!"

Thrice spat she on her robe, and, mut'ering low,  
Scanned me, with half shut eyes, from top to toe;  
Brought all her woman's witcheries into play,  
Still smiling in a set sarcastic way,  
Till my blood boiled, my visage crimson grew  
With indignation, as a rose with dew:

## IDYLL XXI.

### The fishermen.

*ASPHYLIOV, A COMPAGNIE*

WANT quickens wit Want's pupils needs must  
work,

O Diophantus for the child of toil  
Is grudged his very sleep by earking cares:  
Or, if he taste the blessedness of night,  
Thought for the morrow soon warns slumber off.

Two ancient fishers once lay side by side  
On piled up sea wrack in their wattled hut,  
Its leafy wall their curtain Near them lay  
The weapons of their trade, basket and rod,  
Hooks, weed encumbered nets, and cords and cars,  
And, propped on rollers, an infirm old boat  
Their pillow was a scanty mat, eled out  
With caps and garments such the ways and means,  
Such the whole treasury of the fishermen.

They knew no luxuries—owned nor door nor dog,  
Their craft their all, their mistress Poverty  
Their only neighbour Ocean, who for aye  
Round their lorn hut came floating lazily.

Ere the moon's chariot was in mid career,  
The fishers girt them for their customed toil,  
And banished slumber from unwilling eyes,  
And roused their dreamy intellects with speech —

#### ASPHALION

“They say that soon fit summer-nights away,  
Because all lingering is the summer day  
Friend, it is false, for dream on dream have I  
Dreamed, and the dawn still reddens not the sky.  
How? am I wandering? or does night pass slow?”

#### HIS COMRADE.

“Asphalion, scout not the sweet summer so.  
’Tis not that wilful seasons have gone wrong,  
But care maims slumber, and the nights seem long

#### ASPHALION

“Didst thou e'er study dreams? For visions fair  
I saw last night, and fairly thou should'st share

The wealth I dream of, as the fish I catch.  
 Now, for sheer sense, I reckon few thy match ;  
 And, for a vision, he whose motherwit  
 Is his sole tutor best interprets it.  
 And now we've time the matter to discuss :  
 For who could labour, lying here (like us)  
 Pillowed on leaves and neighboured by the deep,  
 Or sleeping amid thorns no easy sleep ?  
 In rich men's halls the lamps are burning yet ;  
 But fish come alway to the rich man's net."

## COMRADE.

"To me the vision of the night relate ;  
 Speak, and reveal the riddle to thy mate."

## ASPHALION.

"Last evening, as I plied my watery trade,  
 (Not on an o'erfull stomach—we had made  
 Betimes a meagre meal, as you can vouch,) I fell asleep ; and lo ! I seemed to crouch  
 Among the boulders, and for fish to wait,  
 Still dangling, rod in hand, my vagrant bait.  
 A fat fellow caught it : (e'en in sleep I'm bound  
 To dream of fishing, as of crusts the hound :) Fast clung he to the hooks ; his blood outwelled ;

## THE FISHERMEN

Bent with his struggling was the rod I held  
I tugged and tugged my efforts made me ache  
‘ How, with a line thus slight this monster take ? ’  
Then gently, just to warn him he was caught  
I twitched him once, then slacked and then m  
taut

My line, for now he offered not to run,  
A glance soon showed me all my task was done  
‘ Twas a gold fish, pure metal every inch  
That I had captured I began to flinch  
‘ What if this beauty be the sea king’s joy,  
Or azure Amphitrite’s treasured toy ! ’  
With care I disengaged him—not to rip  
With hasty hook the gilding from his lip  
And with a tow line landed him, and swore  
Never to set my foot on ocean more,  
But with my gold live royally ashore  
So I awoke and, comrade, lend me now  
Thy wits, for I am troubled for my vow ”

## COMRADE

“ Ne’er quake you’re pledged to nothing, for  
prize  
You gained or gazed on. Dreams are nought but  
lies.

Yet may this dream bear fruit, if, wide-awake  
And not in dreams, you'll fish the neighbouring lake.  
Fish that are meat you'll there mayhap behold,  
Not die of famine, amid dreams of gold."

## IDYLL XXII.

### The Sons of Leda.

THE pair I sing, that *Ægis armèd Zeus*  
Gave unto Leda, Castor and the dread  
Of bruisers Polydeuces, whensoe'er  
His harnessed hands were lifted for the fray.  
Twice and again I sing the manly sons  
Of Leda, those Twin Brethren, Sparta's own  
Who shied the soldier on the deadly scarp,  
The horse wild plunging o'er the crimson field,  
The ship that, disregarding in her pride  
Star-set and star-rise, meets disastrous gales —  
Such gales as pile the billows mountain-high,  
E'en at their own wild will, round stern or stern.  
Dash o'er the hold, the timbers rise in twain,  
Till mast and tackle dangle in mid-air  
Shivered like toys, and, as the night wears on,  
The rain of heaven falls fast, and, lashed by wind  
And iron hail, broad ocean rings again.  
Then can they draw from out the nether abyss

Both craft and crew, each deeming he must die :  
Lo the winds cease, and o'er the burnished deep  
Comes stillness, this way flee the clouds and that;  
And shine out clear the Great Bear and the Less,  
And, 'twixt the Asses dimly seen, the Crib  
Foretells fair voyage to the mariner  
O saviours, O companions of mankind,  
Matchless on horse or harp, in lists or lay,  
Which of ye twain demands my earliest song ?  
Of both I sing, of Polydeuces first

Argo, escaped the two intruding rocks,  
And snow clad Pontus with his baleful jaws,  
Came to Bebrycia with her heaven sprung freight ;  
There by one ladder disembarked a host  
Of Heroes from the decks of Jason's ship.  
On the low beach, to leeward of the cliff,  
They leapt, and piled their beds, and lit their fires :  
Castor meanwhile, the bridler of the steed,  
And Polydeuces of the nut brown face,  
Had wandered from their mates, and, wildered both,  
Searched through the bo-kaga of the hill, and found  
Hard by a slab of rock a bubbling spring  
Brumful of purest water In the depths  
Below, like crystal or like silver gleamed  
The pebbles high above it pine and plane

And poplar rose, and cypress tipt with green;  
 With all rich flowers that throng the mead, when wanes  
 The Spring, sweet workshops of the sultry bee.  
 There sat and sunned him one of giant bulk  
 And grisly mien: hard knocks had stov'n his ears:  
 Broad were his shoulders, vast his orb'd chest;  
 Like a wrought statue rose his iron frame:  
 And nigh the shoulder on each brawny arm  
 Stood out the muscles, huge as rolling stones  
 Caught by some rain-swoln river and shapen smooth  
 By its wild eddyings: and o'er nape and spine  
 Hung, balanced by the claws, a lion's skin  
 Him Leda's conquering son accosted first —

## POLYDEUCES.

Luck to thee, friend unknown! Who own this shero?

## AMYCUS.

Luck, quotha, to see men ne'er seen before!

## POLYDEUCES

Fear not, no base or base-born herd are we.

## AMYCUS.

Nothing I fear, nor need learn this from thee.

POLYDEUCES

What art thou? brutish churl, or o'erproud king?

AMYCUS.

E'en what thou see'st and I am not trespassing.

POLYDEUCES

Visit our land, take gifts from us, and go.

AMYCUS

I seek naught from thee and can naught bestow.

POLYDEUCES

Not e'en such grace as from you spring to sip?

AMYCUS

Try, if parch'd thirst sits languid on thy lip.

POLYDEUCES

Can silver move thee? or if not, what can?

AMYCUS

Stand up and fight me singly, man with man.

POLYDEUCES,

With fists? or fist and foot, eye covering eye?

AMYCUS.

Fall to with fists; and all thy cunning try.

POLYDEUCES.

This arm, these gauntlets, who shall dare withstand?

AMYCUS.

I: and "the Bruiser" lifts no woman's-hand.

POLYDEUCES.

Wilt thou, to crown our strife, some meed assign?

AMYCUS.

Thou shalt be called my master, or I thine.

POLYDEUCES.

By crimson-crested cocks such games are won.

AMYCUS.

Lions or cocks, we'll play this game or none.

He spoke, and clutched a hollow shell, and blew  
 His clarion. Straightway to the shadowy pine  
 Clustering they came, as loud it pealed and long,  
 Bebrycia's bearded sons; and Castor too,

The peerless in the lists, went forth and called  
From the Magnesian ship the Heroes all.

Then either warrior armed with coils of hide  
His hands, and round his limbs bound ponderous bands,  
And, breathing blood-bed, stopt into the ring  
First there was much manœuvring, who should catch  
The sunlight on his rear but thou didst foil,  
O Polydeuces, valour by address,  
And fall on Amycus' face the hot noon smote  
He in hot wrath strode forward, threatening war,  
Straightway the Tyndarid smote him, as he closed,  
Full on the chin more furious waxed he still,  
And, earthward bent, dealt blindly random blows.  
Bebrycia shouted loud, the Greeks too cheered  
Their champion fearing lest in that scant space  
This Tityus by sheer weight should bear him down.  
But, shifting yet still there, the son of Zeus  
Scored him with swift exchange of left and right,  
And checked the onrush of the sea god's child  
Parlous albeit till, reeling with his wounds,  
He stood, and from his lips spat crimson blood.  
Cheered yet again the princes, when they saw  
The lips and jowl all seamed with piteous scars,  
And the swollen visage and the half closed eyes.  
Still the prince teased him, fainting here or there

A thrust, and when he saw him helpless ill,  
Let drive beneath his eyelids at his nose,  
And laid it bare to the bone The stricken man  
Measured his length spine amid the fern  
Keen was the fighting when he rose again,  
Deadly the blows their sturdy gauntlets dealt  
But while Bebrycia's chieftain sparred round chest  
And utmost shoulder, the resistless foe  
Made his whole face one mass of hideous wounds.  
While the one sweated all his bulk away,  
And, late a giant, seemed a pygmy now,  
The other's limbs waxed ever as he fought  
In semblance and in size But in what wise  
The child of Zeus brought low that man of greed,  
Tell, Muse, for thine is knowledge I unfold  
A secret not mine own, at thy behest  
Speak or am dumb, nor speak but as thou wilt.

Amynus, athirst to do some doughty deed,  
Stooping aslant from Polydeuces' lungs  
Locked their left hands, and, stepping out, upheaved  
From his right hip his ponderous other arm  
And hit and harmed had been Amyclae's king;  
But, ducking low, he smote with one stout fist  
The foe's left temple—fast the life-blood streamed  
From the grim rift—and on his shoulder fell.

While with his left he reached the mouth, and made  
 The set teeth tingle, and, redoubling aye  
 His flashing blows, made havoc of his face  
 And crashed into his cheeks, till all abroad  
 He lay, and throwing up his arms disclaimed  
 The strife, for he was even at death's door.  
 No wrong the vanquished suffered at thy hands,  
 O Polydences, but he sware an oath,  
 Calling his sire Poseidon from the depths,  
 Ne'er to do violence to a stranger more.

Thy tale, O prince, is told Now sing I thee,  
 Castor the Tyndarid, lord of rushing horse  
 And shaking javelin, corsleted in brass.

## PART II.

The sons of Zeus had borne two maids away,  
 Leucippus' daughters Straight in hot pursuit  
 Went the two brethren, sons of Aphareus,  
 Lynceus and Idas bold, their plighted lords.  
 And when the tomb of Aphareus was gained,  
 All leapt from out their cars, and front to front  
 Stood, with their ponderous spears and orbèd shields  
 First Lynceus shouted loud from 'neath his helm :

" Whence, sirs, this lust for strife ? Why, sword  
in hand,

Raise ye this coil about your neighbours' wives ?  
To us Leucippus these his daughters gave,  
Long ere ye saw them they are ours on oath  
Ye, coveting (to your shame) your neighbour's bed  
And kine and asses and whate'er is his  
Suborned the man and stole our wives by bribes  
How often spake I thus before your face,  
Ier I myself, though scant I am of phrase  
' Not thus, fair sirs, do honourable men  
Seek to woo wives whose troth is given elsewhere.  
Lo, broad is Sparta, broad the hunting grounds  
Of Elis fleecy Arcady is broad,  
And Argos and Messenè and the towns  
To westward, and the long Sicyonian reach  
There 'neath her parents' roof dwells many a maid  
Second to none in godliness or wit  
Wed of all these, and welcome, whom ye will,  
For all men court the kinship of the brave,  
And ye are as your sires, and they whose blood  
Runs in your mother's veins, the flower of war.  
Nay, sirs, but let us bring this thing to pass,  
Then, taking counsel, choose meet brides for you'  
So I ran on, but o'er the shifting seas  
The wind's breath blew my words, that found no grace

With you, for ye defied the charmer's voice.  
Yet listen to me now if no'er before :  
Lo ! we are kinsmen by the father's side  
But if ye lust for war, if strife must break  
Forth among us, and bloodshed quench our feed,  
Bold Polydeuces then shall hold his hands  
And his cousin Idas from the abhorred fray.  
While I and Castor, the two younger born,  
Try war's arbitrement, so spare our sires  
Sorrow exceeding In one house one dead  
Sufficeth let the others glad their mates,  
To the bride-chamber passing, not the grave,  
And o'er you maidens sing jubilee Well it were  
At cost so small to lay so huge a strife "

He spoke—his words heaven gave not to the  
winds

They, the two first-born, disarrayed and piled  
Their arms, while Lynceus stept into the ring,  
And at his shield's rim shook his stalwart spear.  
And Castor likewise poised his quivering lance,  
High waved the plume on either warrior's helm.  
First each at other thrust with busy spear  
Where'er he spied an inch of flesh exposed  
But lo ! both spearpoints in their wicker shields  
Lodged ere a blow was struck, and snapt in twain.

## THE SONS OF LEDA.

Then they unsheathed their swords, and framed  
modes

Of slaughter pause or respite there was none  
Oft Castor on broad shield and plumed helm  
Lit, and oft keen eyed Lynceus pierced his shield,  
Or grazed his crest of crimson But anon,  
As Lynceus aimed his blade at Castor's knee,  
Back with the left sprang Castor and struck off  
His fingers from the maimed limb dropped the sword  
And, flying straightway, for his father's tomb  
He made, where gallant Idas sat and saw  
The battle of the brethren But the child  
Of Zeus rushed in, and with his broadsword drove  
Through flank and navel, sundering with swift stroke  
His vitals Lynceus tottered and he fell,  
And o'er his eyelids rushed the dreamless sleep  
Nor did their mother see her elder son  
Come a fair bridegroom to his Cretan home  
For Idas wrenched from off the dead man's tomb  
A jutting slab, to hurl it at the man  
Who had slain his brother Then did Zeus bring  
aid,  
And struck the marble fabric from his grasp,  
And with red lightning burned his frame to dust  
So doth he fight with odds who dares provoke  
The Tyndarids, mighty sons of mighty sire

Now farewell, Leda's children : prosper aye  
The songs I sing What minstrel loves not well  
The Tyndards, and Helen, and the chiefs  
That trod Troy down for Menelaus' sake ?  
The bard of Chios wrought your royal deeds  
Into his lays, who sang of Priam's state,  
And fights 'neath Ilion's walls, of sailor Greeks,  
And of Achilles towering in the strife.  
Yet take from me whate'er of clear sweet song  
The Muse accords me, even all my store !  
The gods' most precious gift is minstrelsy.

## IDYLL XXIII.

*Lebe Rbenger.*

A LAD deep dipt in passion pined for one  
Whose mood was froward as her face was fair  
Lovers she loathed, for tenderness she had none  
Ne'er knew what Love was like, nor how he bare  
A bow, and arrows to make young maids smart  
Proof to all speech, all access, seemed her heart

So he found naught his furnace to allay,  
No quiver of lips, no lighting of kind eyes,  
Nor rose-flushed cheek, no talk, no lover's play  
Was deigned him but as forest beasts are shy  
Of hound and hunter, with this wight dealt she,  
Fierce was her lip, her eyes gleamed ominously

Her tyrant's heart was imaged in her face,  
That flushed, then alterng pat on blank disdain  
Yet, even then, her anger had its grace,  
And made her lover fall in love again

No struggle of heart it cost her, ne'er a tear

She wept o'er that young life, nor shunned to soil,  
By contact with the corpse, her woman's-gear

But on she went to watch the athletes' toil,  
Then made for her loved haunt, the riverside :  
And there she met the god she had defied.

For on a marble pedestal Eros stood

Fronting the pool the statue leaped, and smote  
And slew that miscreant All the stream ran blood

And to the top a girl's cry seemed to float.

Rejoice, O lovers, since the scioner fell ,

And, maids, be kind , for Love deals justice well.

## IDYLL XXIV.

### The Infant Heracles.

ALCMEA once had washed and given the breast  
To Heracles, a babe of ten months old,  
And Iphicles his junior by a night,  
And cradled both within a brazen shield,  
A gorgeous trophy, which Amphitryon erst  
Had stript from Pterelaus fall'n in fight  
She stroked their baby brows, and thus she said ·

" Sleep, children mine, a light luxurious sleep,  
Brother with brother sleep, my boys, my life ·  
Blest in your slumber, in your waking blest ! "

She spake and rocked the shield , and in his arms  
Sleep took them But at midnight, when the Bear  
Wheels to his setting, in Orion's front  
Whose shoulder then beams broadest, Hera sent,  
Mistress of wiles, two huge and hideous things,  
Snakes with their scales of azure all on end,

To the broad portal of the chamber-door,  
All to devour the infant Heracles  
They, all their length uncoiled upon the floor,  
Writhed on to their blood-feast, a baleful light  
Gleamed in their eyes, rank venom they spat forth  
But when with lambent tongues they neared the cot,  
Alcmena's babes (for Zeus was watching all)  
Woke, and throughout the chamber there was light.  
Then Iphicles—so soon as he descried  
The fell brutes peering o'er the hollow shield,  
And saw their merciless fangs—cried lustily,  
And kicked away his coverlet of down,  
Fain to escape But Heracles, he clung  
Round them with warlike hands, in iron grasp  
Prisoning the two. his clutch upon their throat,  
The deadly snake's laboratory, where  
He brews such poisons as e'en heaven abhors  
They twined and twisted round the babe that, born  
After long travail, ne'er had shed a tear  
E'en in his nursery, soon to quit their hold,  
For powerless seemed their spines. Alcmena heard,  
While her lord slept, the crying, and awoke.

"Amphytrion, up chill fears take hold on me.  
Up. stay not to put sandals on thy feet  
Hear'st thou our child, our younger, how he cries?

Seest thou yon walls illumined at dead of night,  
 But not by morn's pure beam? I know, I know,  
 Sweet lord, that some strange thing is happening here!"

She spake, and he, upleaping at her call,  
 Made swiftly for the sword of quaint device  
 That aye hung dangling o'er his cedarn couch:  
 And he was reaching at his span new belt  
 The scabbard (one huge piece of lotus wood)  
 Poised on his arm, when suddenly the night  
 Spread out her hands, and all was dark again  
 Then cried he to his slaves, whose sleep was deep  
 "Quick, slaves of mine, fetch fire from yonder hearth  
 And force with all your strength the doorbolts back!  
 Up, loyal hearted slaves the master calls!"

Forth came at once the slaves with lighted lamps  
 The house was all astir with burrying feet  
 But when they saw the suckling Heracles  
 With the two brutes grasped firm in his soft hands,  
 They shouted with one voice But he must show  
 The reptiles to Amphitryon, held aloft  
 His hands in childish glee, and laughed and laid  
 At his sire's feet the monsters still in death

Then did Alcmena to her bosom take

The terror-blanch'd and passionate Iphicles:  
Cradling the other in a lambswool quilt,  
Her lord once more bethought him of his rest.

Now cocks had thrice sung out that night was o'er.  
Then went Alcmena forth and told the thing  
*To Teiresias the seer*, whose words were truth,  
And bade him redo her what the end should be:—  
'And if the gods bode mischief, hide it not,  
Pitying, from me man shall not thus avoid  
The doom that Fate upon her distaff spins.  
Son of Eueres, thou hast ears to hear.'

Thus spake the queen, and thus he made reply:  
"Mother of monarchs, Persens' child, take heart;  
And look but on the fairer side of things.  
For by the precious light that long ago  
Left tenantless these eyes, I swear that oft  
Achaea's maidens, as when eve is high  
They mould the silken yarn upon their lap,  
Shall tell Alcmena's story blest art thou  
Of women Such a man in this thy son  
Shall one day scale the star-encumbered heaven:  
His amplitude of chest bespeaks him lord  
Of all the forest beasts and all mankind  
Twelve tasks accomplished he must dwell with Zeus,

His flesh given over to Trachinian fires,  
And son in law be hailed of those same gods  
Who sent you skulking brutes to slay thy babe  
Lo! the day cometh when the fawn shall couch  
In the wolf's lair, nor fear the spiky teeth  
That would not harm him But, O lady, keep  
Your smouldering fire alive, prepare you piles  
Of fuel, bramble sprays or fern or furze  
Or pear boughs dried with swinging in the wind:  
And let the kindled wild wood burn those snakes  
At midnight, when they looked to slay thy babe.  
And let at dawn some handmaid gather up  
The ashes of the fire, and diligently  
Convey and cast each remnant o'er the stream  
Faced by clov'n rocks, our boundary then return  
Nor look behind And purify your home  
First with sheer sulphur, rain upon it then,  
(Chaplets of olive wound about your heads,)  
Innocuous water, and the customed salt  
Lastly, to Zeus almighty slay a boar  
So shall ye vanquish all your enemies "

Spake Teiresias, and wheeling (though his years  
Weighed on him sorely) gained his ivory car.  
And Heracles as some young orchard tree  
Grew up, Amphitryon his reputed sire.

Old Lanus taught him letters, Phœbus' child,  
A dauntless toiler by the midnight lamp  
Each fall whereby the sons of Argos fell,  
The flingers by cross-buttock, each his man  
By feats of wrestling all that boxers e'er,  
Grim in their gauntlets, have devised, or they  
Who wage mixed warfare and, adepts in art,  
Upon the foe fall headlong all such lore  
Phocian Harpalicus gave him, Hermes' son -  
Whom no man might behold while yet far off  
And wait his armed onset undismayed  
A brow so truculent roofed so stern a face  
To launch, and steer in safety round the goal,  
Chariot and steed, and damage ne'er a wheel,  
This the lad learned of fond Amphitryon's self.  
Many a fair prize from listed warriors he  
Had won on Argive racegrounds, yet the car  
Whereon he sat came still unshattered home,  
What gaps were in his harness time had made  
Then with couched lance to reach the foe, his targe  
Covering his rear, and bide the biting sword,  
Or, on the warpath, place his ambuscade,  
Marshal his lines and rally his cavaliers,  
This knightly Castor learned him, erst exiled  
From Argos, when her realms with all their wealth  
Of vineyards fell to Tydeus, who received

### THE INFANT HERACLFS.

Her and her chariots at Adraestus' hand  
Amongst the Heroes none was Castor's match  
Till age had dimmed the glory of his youth.

Such tutors this fond mother gave her son...  
The stripling's bed was at his father's side,  
One after his own heart, a lion's skin  
His dinner, roast meat, with a loaf that filled  
A Dorian basket, you might soothly say  
Had satisfied a deliver, and to close  
The day he took, sans fire, a scanty meal  
A simple frock went halfway down his leg :

\*        \*        \*        \*        \*

## IDYLL XXV.

### *Meracles the Lion Slayer.*

\* \* \* \* \*

TO whom thou spake the herdsman of the herd,  
Pausiog a moment from his handiwork  
"Friend, I will solve thy questions, for I fear  
The angry looks of Hermes of the roads.  
No dweller in the skies is wroth as he,  
With him who saith the asking traveller nay.

" The flocks Augras owns, our gracious lord,  
One pasture pastures not, nor one fence bounds.  
They wander, look you, some by Eli-sus' banks  
Or god beloved Alpheus sacred stream,  
Some by Buprasion, where the grape abounds,  
Some here their folds stand separate But before  
His herds, though they be myriad, yonder glades  
That belt the broad lake round be fresh and fair  
For ever for the low lying meadows take  
The dew, and teem with herbage honey-sweet,

To lend new vigour to the hornèd kine  
Here on thy right their stalls thou canst descry  
By the flowing river, for all eyes to see  
Here, where the platans blossom all the year,  
And glimmers green the olive that enshrines  
Rural Apollo, most august of gods  
Hard by, fair mansions have been reared for us  
His herdsmen, us who guard with might and main  
His riches that are more than tongue may tell  
Casting our seed o'er fallows thrice upturn'd  
Or four times by the share, the bounds whereof  
Well do the delvers know, whose busy feet  
Troop to his wine vats in fair summer time.  
Yea, all these acres wise Augéas owns,  
These corn clad uplands and these orchards green,  
Far as yon ledges whence the cataracts leap  
Here do we haunt, here toil, as is the wont  
Of labourers in the fields, the livelong day  
But pr'ythee tell me thou—so shalt thou best  
Serve thine own interests—wherefore art thou here?  
Seeking Augéas, or mayhap some slave  
That serves him? I can tell thee and I will  
All thou would'st know for of no churlish blood  
Thou camest, nor wert nurtured as a churl:  
That read I in thy statelyness of form,  
The sons of heaven move thus among mankind."

Then answered him the warrior son of Zeus,  
 " Yea, veteran, I would see the Epean King  
 Augéas, surely for this end I came.  
 If he bides there amongst his citizens,  
 Ruling the folk, determining the laws,  
 Look, father, bid some serf to be my guide,  
 Some honoured master-worker in the fields,  
 Who to shrowd questions shrewdly can reply.  
 Are not we made dependent each on each ? "

To him the good old swain made answer thus :  
 " Stranger, some god hath timed thy visit here,  
 And given thee straightway all thy heart's desire.  
 Hither Augéas, offspring of the Sun,  
 Came, with young Phylens splendid in his strength  
 But yesterday from the city, to review  
 (Not in one day) his multitudinous wealth,  
 Methinks e'en princes say within themselves,  
 ' The safeguard of the flock's the master's eye.'  
 But haste, we'll seek him to my own fold I  
 Will pilot thee, there haply find the King "

He said and went in front but pondered much  
 (As he surveyed the lion-skin and the club,  
 Itself an armful) whence this stranger came ;  
 And fain had asked But fear recalled the words

That trembled on his lip, the fear to say  
Aught that his fiery friend might take amiss  
For who can fathom all his fellow's mind ?

The dogs perceived their coming, yet far off  
They scented flesh, they heard the thud of feet.  
And with wild gallop, baying furiously,  
Ran at Amphitryon's son but feebly whined  
And fawned upon the old man at his side  
Then Heracles, just lifting from the ground  
A pebble, scared them home, and with hard words  
Cursed the whole pack, and having stopped their din  
(Only rejoiced, nathless, to see them guard  
So well an absent master's house) he spake

" Lo ! what a friend the royal gods have given  
Man in the dog ! A trusty servant he !  
Had he withal an understanding heart,  
To teach him when to rage and when forbear,  
What brute could claim like praise ? But, lacking wit  
'Tis but a passionate random-raving thing."

He spake - the dogs ran scurrying to their lairs.  
And now the sun wheeled round his westering car  
And led still evening on from every field  
Came thronging the fat flocks to hied and byre.

Then in their thousands, drove on drove, the kine  
Came into view; as rainclouds, onward driven  
By stress of gales, the west or mighty north,  
Come up o'er all the heaven, and none may count  
And naught may stay them as they sweep through air;  
Such multitudes the storm's strength drives ahead,  
Such multitudes climb surging in the rear—  
So in swift sequence drove succeeded drove,  
And all the champaign, all the highways swarmed  
With tramping oxen, all the sumptuous leas  
Rang with their lowing. Soon enough the stalls  
Were populous with the laggard-footed kine,  
Soon did the sheep be folded in their folds.  
Then of that legion none stood idle, none  
Gaped listless at the herd, with naught to do:  
But one drew near and milked them, binding clogs  
Of wood with leather'd thongs around their feet:  
One brought, all hungering for the milk, they loved,  
The longing young ones to the longing dams  
One held the pail, one pressed the dainty cheese,  
Or drove the bulls home, sundered from the kine.  
Pacing from stall to stall, Augēas saw  
What revenge his herdsman brought him in.  
With him his son surveyed the royal wealth,  
And, strong of limb and purpose, Hercules.  
Then, though the heart within him was as steel,

Among the herd, the cyno<sup>use</sup> of eyes  
 He, soon as he descried the sun dried skin  
 Of the grim lion, made at Heracles  
 (Whose eye was on him)—fain to make his crest  
 And sturdy brow acquainted with his flanks  
 Straight the prince grasped him with no tender grasp  
 By the left horn, and bowed that giant bulk  
 To earth, neck foremost then, by pressure brought  
 To bear upon his shoulder, forced him back.  
 The web of muscles that enwraps the nerves  
 Stood out from the bruto's fore arm plain to see.  
 Marvelled the King, and Phyleus his brave son,  
 At the strange prowess of Amphitryon's child.

Then townwards, leaving straight that rich champaign,

Stout Heracles his comrade, Phyleus fared,  
 And soon as they had gained the paven road,  
 Making their way hotfooted o'er a path  
 (Not o'er conspicuous in the dim green wood)  
 That left the farm and threaded through the  
 vines,  
 Out-spake unto the child of Zeus most high,  
 Who followed in his steps, Aug<sup>us</sup> son,  
 O'er his right shoulder glancing pleasantly.

" O stranger, as some old familiar tale

I seem to cast thy history in my mind.  
For there came one to Argos, young and tall,  
By birth a Greek from Heliæ-on-seas,  
Who told this tale before a multitude—  
How that an Argive in his presence slew  
A fearful lion-beast, the dread and death  
Of herdsmen; which inhabited a den  
Or cavern by the grove of Nemean Zeus.  
He may have come from sacred Argos' self,  
Or Tiryns, or Mycenæ what know I?  
But thus he told his tale, and said the slayer  
Was (if my memory serves me) Perseus' son.  
Methinks no islander had dared that deed  
Save thee: the lion's skin that wraps thy ribs  
Argues full well some gallantfeat of arms.  
But tell me, warrior, first—that I may know  
If my prophetic soul speak truth or not—  
Art thou the man of whom that stranger Greek  
Spoke in my hearing? Have I guessed aright?  
How slew you single-handed that fell beast?  
How came it among rivered Nemea's glens?  
For none such monster could the eagerest eye  
Find in all Greece. Greece harbours bear and boar,  
And deadly wolf, but not this larger game.  
"Twas this that made his listeners marvel then:  
They deemed he told them travellers' tales, to win  
By random words applause from standers-by."

Then Phyleus from the mid-road edged away,  
That both might walk abreast, and he might catch  
More at his ease what fell from Heracles  
Who journeying now alongside thus began —

“ On the prior matter O Augēas’ child,  
Thine own unaided wit hath ruled aright  
But all that monster’s history, how it fell,  
Fain would I tell thee who hast ears to bear,  
Save only whence it came for none of all  
The Argive host could read that riddle right  
Some god, we dimly guessed, our niggard vows  
Resenting, had upon Phoreneus realm  
Let loose this very scourge of humankind  
On peopled Itea planging like a flood  
The brute ran not notably it cost  
Its neighbours of Bebina woes untold  
And here Euryaleus bade me try my first  
Passage of arms, and slay that fearsome thing.  
So with my buxom bow and quiver lined  
With arrows I set forth my left hand held  
My club, a beethng olive’s stalwart trunk  
And shapely, still environed in its bark.  
This hand had torn from hol e’t Helicon  
The tree entire, with all its fibrous roots  
And finding soon the lion’s whereabouts,

## HERACLES THE LION SLAYER

grasped my bow, and on the bent horn slipped  
the string, and laid thereon the shaft of death  
and, now all eyes, I watched for that fell thing,  
I hopes to view him ere he spied out me  
ut midday came, and nowhere could I see  
the footprint of the beast or hear his roar  
And, trust me, none appeared of whom to ask,  
Herdsman or labourer, in the furrowed lea,  
For wan dismay kept each man in his hut  
Still on I footed, searching through and through  
The leafy mountain passes, till I saw  
The creature, and forthwith essayed my strength.  
Gorged from some gory carcass, on he stalked  
At eve towards his lair, his grizzled mane,  
Shoulders, and grim glad visage, all adrap  
With carnage, and he licked his bearded lips.  
I, crouched among the shadows of the trees  
On the green hill top, waited his approach,  
And as he came I aimed at his left flank  
The barbed shaft sped idly, nor could pierce  
The flesh, but glancing dropped on the green grass  
He, wondering, raised forthwith his tawny head,  
And ran his eyes o'er all the vicinage,  
And snarled and gave to view his cavernous throat.  
Meanwhile I levelled yet another shaft,  
Ill pleased to think my first had fled in vain.

In the mid chest I smote him, where the lungs  
Are seated still the arrow sank not in,  
But fell, its errand frustrate, at his feet.  
Once more was I preparing, sore chagrined,  
To draw the bowstring, when the ravenous beast  
Glaring around espied me, lashed his sides  
With his huge tail, and opened war at once  
Swelled his vast neck, his dun locks stood on end  
With rage his spine moved sinuous as a bow,  
Till all his weight hung poised on flank and loin.  
And e'en as, when a chariot builder bends  
With practised skill his shafts of splintered fig,  
Hot from the fire, to be his axle wheels,  
Flies the tough rinded sapling from the hands  
That shape it, at a bound recoilng far  
So from far off the dread beast, all of a heap,  
Sprang on me, hungering for my life blood. I  
Thrust with one hand my arrows in his face  
And my doffed doublet, while the other raised  
My seasoned cudgel o'er his crest, and drove  
Full at his temples, breaking clean in twain  
On the fourfooted warrior's silly scalp  
My club, and ere he reached me, down he fell  
Headlong he fell, and poised on tremulous feet  
Stood, his head wagging, and his eyes grown dim  
For the shrewd stroke had shattered brain and bone

I, marking him beside himself with pain,  
Fell, ere recovering he should breathe again,  
At vantage on his solid sinewy neck,  
My bow and woven quiver thrown aside  
With iron clasp I gripped him from the rear  
(His talons also had torn me) and, my foot  
Set on him, forced to earth by dint of heel  
His hinder parts, my shanks entrenched the while  
Behind his fore-arm; till his thews were stretched  
And strained, and on his haunches stark he stood  
And lifeless; hell received his monstrous ghost,  
Then with myself I counseled how to strip  
From off the dead beast's limbs his shaggy hide,  
A task full onerous, since I found it proof  
Against all blows of steel or stone or wood.  
Some god at first inspired me with the thought,  
With his own claws to rend the lion's skin.  
With these I slayed him soon, and sheathed and  
armed  
My limbs against the shocks of murderous war.  
Thus, sir, the Nemean lion met his end,  
Erewhile the constant curse of beast and man."

## IDYLL XXVI.

### The Bacchanals.

A GAVE of the vermeil-tinted check  
And Ino and Autonoa marshalled erst  
Three bands of revellers under one hill peak.  
They plucked the wild oak's matted foliage first,  
Lush ivy then, and creeping asphodel,  
And reared therewith twelve shrines amid the untrodden  
fell

To Semele three, to Dionysus nine

Next, from a vase drew offerings subtly wrought,  
And prayed and placed them on each fresh green  
shrine;

So by the god, who loved such tribute, taught,  
Perched on the sheer cliff, Pentheus could espy  
All, in a mastick hoar ensconced that grew thereby.

## THE BACCHANALS.

Autonoā marked him, and with frightful cries

Flew to make havoc of those mysteries weird  
That must not be profaned by vulgar eyes

Her frenzy frenzied all Then Pentheus feared  
And fled and in his wake those damsels three,  
Each with her trailing robe up-gathered to the

“ What will ye, dames,” quoth Pentheus “ Thou  
shalt guess

At what we mean, untold,” Autonoā said

Agavè moaned—so moans a hones

Over her young one—as she clutched his head  
While Inn on the carca's fairly land

Her heel, and wrenched away shoulder and shoulder-  
blade

Autonoā's turn came next and what remained

Of flesh their damsels did among them share,

And back to Thebes they came all carnage stained,

And planted not a king but aching there.

Warned by this tale, let no man dare defy

Great Bacchus, lest a death more awful he should die,

And when he counts nine years or scarcely ten,

Rush to his rain May I pass my days

Uprightly, and be loved of upright men !

And take this motto, all who covet praise :

("Twas *Aegis*-bearing Zeus that spake it first :)

'The godly seed fares well the wicked's is accurst.'

Now bless ye Bacchus, whom on mountain snows,

Prisoned in his thigh till then, the Almighty  
laid

And bless ye fair-faced Semelè, and those

Her sisters, hymned of many a hero maid,

Who wrought, by Bacchus fired, a deed which none  
May gainsay—who shall blame that which a god hath  
done ?

## IDYLL XXVII.

### A Countryman's Wedding.

DAPHNIS. A MAIDEN.

THE MAIDEN.

HOW fell sage Helen ! through a swain like thee.

DAPHNIS.

Nay the true Helen's just now kissing me.

THE MAIDEN.

Satyr, ne'er boast: ' what's idler than a kiss ? '

DAPHNIS.

Yet in such pleasant idling there is bliss.

THE MAIDEN.

I'll wash my mouth: where go thy kisses then ?

DAPHNIS.

Wash, and return it--to be kissed again.

## THE MAIDEN

Go kiss your oxen, and not unwed maids.

## DAPHNIS

Ne'er boast, for beauty is a dream that fades.

## THE MAIDEN

Past grapes are grapes dead roses keep their smell

## DAPHNIS.

Come to yon olives I have a tale to tell.

## THE MAIDEN

Not I you fooled me with smooth words before.

## DAPHNIS

Come to yon elms, and hear me pipe once more.

## THE MAIDEN

Pipe to yourself your piping makes me cry.

## DAPHNIS

A maid, and flout the Paphian? Fie, oh fie!

## THE MAIDEN

She's naught to me, if Artemis' favour last.

DAPHNIS

Hush, ere she smite you and entrap you fast

THE MAIDEN

And let her smite me, trap me as she will

DAPHNIS

Your Artemis shall be your saviour still?

THE MAIDEN

Unhand me! What, again? I'll tear your lip

DAPHNIS

Can you could damsel e'er give I ove the ship?

THE MAIDEN

You are his bondslave but not I by Pan!

DAPHNIS

I doubt he'll give thee to a worser man

THE MAIDEN

Many have wooed me, but I fancied none

DAPHNIS

Till among many came the destined one

THE MAIDEN

Wedlock is woe Dear lad, what can I do?

## IDYLL XXVII.

DAPHNIS

Woe it is not, but joy and dancing too.

THE MAIDEN

Wives dread their husbands so I've heard it said.

DAPHNIS

Nay, they rule o'er them What does woman dread?

THE MAIDEN

Then children—Eileithya's dart is keen.

DAPHNIS

But the deliverer, Artemis, is your queen.

THE MAIDEN

And bearing children all our grace destroys.

DAPHNIS

Bear them and thine more lustrous in your boys

THE MAIDEN

Should I say yea, what dower awaits me then?

DAPHNIS

Thine are my cattle, thine this glade and glen.

## THE MAIDEN.

Swear not to wed, then leave me in my woe?

## DAPHNIS.

Not I by Pan, though thou should'st bid me go.

## THE MAIDEN.

And shall a cot be mine, with farm and fold?

## DAPHNIS

Thy cot's half-built, fair wethers range this wold.

## THE MAIDEN.

What, what to my old father must I say?

## DAPHNIS.

Soon as he hears my name he'll not say nay.

## THE MAIDEN.

Speak it: by e'en a name we're oft beguiled.

## DAPHNIS.

I'm Daphnis, Lycid's and Nomaea's child.

## THE MAIDEN.

Well-born indeed: and not less so am I.

DAPHNIS.

I know—Menalcas' daughter may look high.

THE MAIDEN

That grove, where stands your sheepfold, shew me  
please.

DAPHNIS.

Nay look, how green, how tall my cypress-trees.

THE MAIDEN.

Graze, goats : I go to learn the herdsman's trade.

DAPHNIS

Feed, bulls : I shew my copses to my maid.

THE MAIDEN.

Satyr, what mean you ? You presume o'ermuch.

DAPHNIS.

This waist is round, and pleasant to the touch.

THE MAIDEN.

By Pan, I'm like to swoon ! Unband me pray !

DAPHNIS.

Why be so timorous ? Pretty coward, stay.

THE MAIDEN.

This bank is wet: you've soiled my pretty gown.

DAPHNIS.

See, a soft fleece to guard it I put down.

THE MAIDEN

And you've purloined my sash. What can this mean?

DAPHNIS.

This sash I'll offer to the Paphian queen.

THE MAIDEN.

Stay, miscreant—some one comes—I heard a noise.

DAPHNIS.

'Tis but the green trees whispering of our joys

THE MAIDEN

You've torn my plaidie, and I am half unclad.

DAPHNIS.

Anon I'll give thee a yet ampler plaid.

THE MAIDEN.

Generous just now, you'll one day grudge me bread

## DAPHNIS.

Ah! for thy sake my life-blood I could shed.

## THE MAIDEN

Artemis, forgive! Thy eremite breaks her vow.

## DAPHNIS

Love, and Love's mother, claim a calf and cow.

## THE MAIDEN

A woman I depart, my girlhood o'er.

## DAPHNIS

Be wife, be mother, but a girl no more.

Thus interchanging whispered talk the pair,  
Their faces all aglow, long lingered there.  
At length the hour arrived when they must part.  
With downcast eyes, but sunshine in her heart,  
She went to tend her flock, while Daphnis ran  
Back to his herded bulls, a happy man.

## IDYLL XXVIII.

### The Distaff.

DISTAFF, blithely whirling distaff, azure eyed  
Athena's gift  
To the sex the arm and object of whose lives is house-  
hold thrift,  
Seek with me the gorgeous city raised by Neilus, where  
a plain  
Roof of pale-green rush o'er arches Aphroditē's hal-  
lowed fane  
Thither ask I Zeus to waft me, fain to see my old  
friend's face,  
Nicias, o'er whose birth presided every passion-breath-  
ing Grace,  
Fain to meet his answering welcome, and anon  
deposit thee  
In his lady's hands, thou marvel of laborious ivory,  
Many a manly robe ye'll fashion, much translucent  
maiden's gear,

*Nay, should e'er the sleeey mothers twice within the  
selfsame year  
Yield their wool in yonder pasture, Theogenus of the  
dainty feet  
Would perform the double labour matron's cares to  
her are sweet  
To an idler or a trifler I had verily been loth  
To resign thee, O my distaff, for the same land bred us  
both  
In the land Corinthian Archias built aforetime, thou  
hadst birth,  
In our island's core and marrow, whence have sprung  
the kings of earth  
To the home I now transfer thee of a man who knows  
full well  
Every craft whereby men's bodies dire diseases may  
repel  
There to live in sweet Miletus Lady of the Distaff she  
Shall be named, and oft reminded of her poet friend  
by thee  
Men shall look on thee and murmur to each other,  
'Lo! how small  
Was the gift, and yet how precious! Friendship's  
gifts are priceless all'*

## IDYLL XXIX.

Lobes.

‘SINCERITY comes with the wine-cup,’ my dear:

Then now o'er our wine cups let us be sincere  
My soul's treasured secret to you I'll impart,  
It is this, that I never won fairly your heart  
One half of my life, I am conscious, has flown,  
The residue lives on your image alone  
You are kind, and I dream I'm in paradise then;  
You are angry, and lo! all is darkness again.  
It is right to torment one who loves you? Obey  
Your elder; 'twere best; and you'll thank me one  
day

Settle down in one nest on one tree (taking care  
That no cruel reptile can clamber up there),  
As it is with your lovers you're fairly perplexed,  
One day you choose one bough, another the next  
Whoe'er at all struck by your graces appears,  
Is more to you straight than the comrade of years;  
While he's like the friend of a day put aside;

*For the breath of your nostrils, I think, is your pride.*  
 Form a friendship, for life, with some likely young lad;  
 So doing, in honour your name shall be had.  
 Nor would Love use you hardly; though lightly  
 can he

Bind strong men in chains, and has wrought upon me  
 Till the steel is as wax—but I'm longing to press  
 That exquisite mouth with a clinging caress.

No? Reflect that you're older each year than the  
 last, \*

That we all must grow gray, and the wrinkles come  
 fast.

Reflect, ere you spurn me, that youth at his sides  
 Wears wings; and once gone, all pursuit be derelict;  
 Nor are men over keen to catch charms as they fly.  
 Think of this and be gentle, be loving as I:  
 When your years are unripened, we two shall be then  
 The pair in the Iliad over again.

But if you consign all my words to the wind  
 And say, 'Why annoy me? you're not to my mind,'

I—who lately in quest of the Gold Fruit had sped  
 For your sake, or of Cerberus guard of the dead—  
 Though you called me, would ne'er stir a foot from my  
 door,

For my love and my sorrow thenceforth will be o'er.

## IDYLL XXX.

### *The Death of Adonis.*

CYTHERA saw Adonis  
And knew that he was dead ;  
She marked the brow, all grisly now,  
The cheek no longer red ,  
And " Bring the boar before me "  
Unto her Loves she said

Forthwith her winged attendants  
Ranged all the woodland o'er,  
And found and bound in fetters  
Threefold the grisly boar  
One dragged him at a rope's end  
E'en as a vanquished foe ,  
One went behind and drove him  
And smote him with his bow .  
On paced the creature feebly ,  
He feared Cythera so .

To him said Aphroditè

" So, worst of beasts 'twas you  
Who rent that thigh asunder

Who him that loved me slew ?"  
And thus the beast made answer

" Cythera, bear me away  
By thee, by him that loved thee,

And by these bonds I wear  
And them before whose hounds I ran—  
I meant no mischief to the man  
Who seemed to thee so fair

" As on a carved statue  
Men gaze, I gazed on him ,  
I seemed on fire with mad desire  
To kiss that offered limb  
My ruin, Aphroditè,  
Thus followed from my whim

" Now therefore take and punish  
And fairly cut away  
These all unruly tusks of mine ,  
For to what end serve they ?  
And if thine indignation  
Be not content with this ,

## THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

Cut off the mouth that ventured  
To offer him a kiss"—

But Aphrodite pitied  
And bade them loose his chain.  
The boar from that day forward  
Still followed in her train;  
Nor ever to the wildwood  
Attempted to return,  
But in the Scaevus of Desire  
Preferred to burn and burn.

## IDYLL XXXI.

### Robert.

AH for this the most accursed, unendurable of ills!  
Nigh two months a fevered fancy for a maid my  
bosom fills.  
Fair she is, as other damsels but for what the sim-  
plest swain  
Claims from the demurest maiden, I must sue and sue  
in vain.  
Yet doth now this thing of evil my longsuffering heart  
beguile,  
Though the utmost she vouchsafes me is the shadow of  
a smile :  
And I soon shall know no respite, have no solace e'en  
in sleep.  
Yesterday I watched her pass me, and from down-  
dropt eyelids peep  
At the face she dared not gaze on—every moment  
blushing more—  
And my love took hold upon me as it never took before.

LOVES.

Home I went a wounded creature, with a <sup>g</sup>  
my heart,

And unto the soul within me did my

"Soul, why deal with me in this wise? <sup>g</sup> Si  
folly know no bound?

Canst thou look upon these temples, with their  
silver crowned,

And still deem thee young and shapely? Nay,  
soul, let us be sage,

Act as they that have already sipped the wisdom <sup>g</sup>  
of age

Men have loved and have forgotten Happiest of all  
is he

To the lover's woes a stranger, from the lover's fetters  
free

Lightly his existence passes, as a wild deer fleeting  
fast

Tamed it may be, he shall voyage in a maiden's wake  
at last

Still to day 'tis his to revel with his mates in boyhood's  
flowers

As to thee, thy brain and marrow passion evermore  
devours,

Prey to memories that haunt thee e'en in visions of the  
night,

And a year shall scarcely pluck thee from thy miserable  
plight "

Such and divers such reproofs did I heap upon my  
soul

And my soul in turn made answer — " Whoso deems  
he can control

Wily love, the same shall lightly gaze upon the stars  
of heaven

And declare by what their number overpasses seven  
times seven

Will I, nill I, I may never from my neck his yoke un-  
loose

So, my friend, a god hath willed it he whose plots  
could outwit Zeus,

And the queen whose home is Cyprus I, a leaflet of  
to-day,

I whose breath is to my nostrils, am I wrong to own  
hus away ? "

## FRAGMENT FROM THE "BERENICE"

YE that would fain net fish and wealth withal,  
For bare existence harrowing yonder mere,  
To this our Lady slay at even fall  
That holy fish, which since it hath no peer  
For gloss and sheen, the dwellers about here  
Have named the Silver Fish This done, let down  
Your nets, and draw them up, and never fear  
To find them empty\* \* \* \*

## EPIGRAMS AND EPITAPHS

### I

YOURS be yon dew steep'd roses, yours be yon  
Thick clustering ivy, maids of Helicon  
Thine, Pythian Pæan, that dark folaged bay,  
With such thy Delphian crags thy front array  
This horn'd and shaggy ram shall stain thy shrine,  
Who crops e'en now the feathering turpentine

## II.

TO Pan doth white limbed Daphnis offer hero  
 (He once piped sweetly on his herdsman's flute)  
 His reeds of many a stop, his barbed spear,  
 And scrip, wherein he held his hoards of fruit.

## III.

DAPHNIS, thou slumberest on the leaf-strown lea,  
 Thy frame at rest, thy springes newly spread  
 O'er the fell-side. But two aro hunting theo:  
 Pan, and Priapus with his fair young beard  
 Hung with wan ivy. See! they come, they leap  
 Into thy lair—fly, fly,—shake off the coil of sleep!

## IV.

FOR you oaken avenue, swain, you must steer,  
Where a statue of figwood, you'll see, has been set  
It has never been barked, has three legs and no ear,  
But I think there is life in the patriarch yet  
He is handsomely shrined within fair chapel-walls,  
Where, fringed with sweet cypress and myrtle and  
bay,  
A stream ever-fresh from the rock's hollow falls,  
And the ringleted vine her ripe store doth display  
And the blackbirds, those shrill piping songsters of  
spring.  
Wake the echoes with wild inarticulate song  
And the notes of the nightingale plaintively ring,  
As she pours from her dun throat her lay sweet and  
strong  
Sitting there, to Priapus, the gracious one, pray  
That the love he has taught me I soon may unlearn  
Say I'll give him a kid, and in case he says nay  
To this offer, three victims to him will I burn,  
A kid, a fleeced ram, and a lamb sleek and fat,  
He will listen, mayhap, to my prayers upon that

## V

PRYTHDE, sing something sweet to me—you that  
can play

First and second at once Then I too will essay  
To croak on the pipes and yon lad shall salute  
Our ears with a melody breathed through his flute  
In the cave by the green oak our watch we will keep,  
And goatish old Pan we'll defraud of his sleep

## VI

POOR Thrysus! What boots it to weep out thine  
eyes?

Thy lad was a fair one, I own  
But the wolf with his cruel claw made her his prize,  
And to darkness her spirit hath flown  
Do the dogs cry? What boots it? In spite of their cries  
There is left of her never a bone

## VII

For a Statue of Aesculapius

FAIR as Miletus travelled Paean's son,  
There to be guest of Nicias, guest of one  
Who heals all sickness, and who still reveres  
Him, for his sake this cedarn image rears  
The sculptor's hand right well did Nicias fill,  
And here the sculptor lavished all his skill.

## VIII.

## Ortho's Epitaph.

**F**RIEND, Ortho of Syracuse gives thee this charge:  
 Never venture out, drunk, on a wild winter's night.  
 I did so and died My possessions were large,  
 Yet the turf that I'm clad with is strange to me quite.

## IX.

## Epitaph of Cleonitus.

**M**AN, husband existence ne'er launch on the sea  
 Out of season our tenure of life is but frail.  
 Think of poor Cleonitus: for Phœbus smot' he  
 From the valleys of Syria, with many a bale.  
 With many a bale, ocean's tides he would stem  
 When the Pleiads were sinking, and he sank with them.

## X.

## For a Statue of the Flutes

**T**O you this marble statue, mavis divine,  
 Xenocles raised, one tribute unto mine.  
 Your votary all admit him. by this skill  
 He gat him fame: and you he honours still.

## XIV

## Epitaph of Eurymedon

THOU hast gone to the grave, and abandoned thy son  
 Yet a babe, thy own manhood but scarcely begun  
 Thou art throned among gods and thy country will  
 take

Thy child to her heart, for his brave father's sake

## XV.

## Another

PROVE, traveller, now, that you honour the brave  
 Above the poltroon, when he's laid in the grave,  
 By murmuring ' Peace to Eurymedon dead '  
 The turf should lie light on so sacred a head

## XVI

## For a Statue of the Heavently Aphrodite

A PHRODITE stands here, she of heavenly birth,  
 Not that base one who's wooed by the children of  
 earth

'Tis a goddess, bow down And one blemishless all,  
 Chrysogonè, placed her in Amphicles' hall  
 Chrysogonè's heart, as her children, was his,  
 And each year they knew better what happiness is  
 For, Queen, at life's outset they made thee their friend,  
 Religion is policy too in the end

## XVII.

## To Epicharmus.

READ these lines to Epicharmus They are Dorian,  
as was he

The sire of Comedy

Of his proper self bereavèd, Bacchus, unto thce we rear

His brazen image here,

We in Syracuse who sojourn, elsewhere born. Thus  
much we can

Do for our countryman,

Mindful of the debt we owe him For, possessing  
ample store

Of legendary lore,

Many a wholesome word, to pilot youths and maids  
thro' life, he spake

We honour him for their sake.

## XVIII

## Epitaph of Cleita, Nurse of Medeius.

THE babe Medeius to his Thracian nurse  
This stone—inscribed To Cleita—reared in the  
midhighway

Her modest virtues oft shall men rehearse;  
Who doubts it? is not ' Cleita's worth' a proverb to  
this day?

## EPIGRAMS AND EPITAPHS

### XXX.

#### To Archilochus.

PAUSE, and scan well Archilochus, the bard of elder days,

By east and west

Ahke's confess

The nughty lyrist's praise.

Dehan Apollo loved him well, and well the sister-choir:

His songs were fraught

With subtle thought,

And matchless was his lyre.

### XX.

#### Under a Statue of Peisander,

WHO WROTE THE LABOURS OF HERACLES.

HE whom ye gaze on was the first  
That in quaint song the deeds rehearsed  
Of him whose arm was swift to smite,  
Who dared the lion to the fight.  
That tale, so strange, so manifold,  
Peisander of Cameirus told.  
For this good work, thou may'st be sure,  
His country placed him here,  
In solid brass that shall endure  
Through many a month and year.

## XXXI

## Epitaph of Hippoanax.

BEHOLD Hippoanax' burial-place,  
 A true bard's grave  
 Approach it not, if you're a base  
 And base born knave  
 But if your sires were honest men  
 And unblamed you,  
 Sit down thereon serenely then,  
 And eke sleep too.

---

Tuneful Hippoanax rests him here.  
 Let no base rascal venture near  
 Ye who rank high in birth and mind  
 Sit down—and sleep, if so inclined.

## XXXII

## On his own Block.

NOT my namesake of Chios, but I, who belong  
 To the Syracuse burghers, have sung you my song.  
 I'm Praxagoras' son by Philinna the fair,  
 And I never asked praise that was owing elsewhere.

VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

## VIRGIL'S ECLOGUES.

### ECLOGUE I

MELIBOEUS TITYRUS

*M*

**S**TRETCHED in the shadow of the broad beech,  
thou

Rehearreste, Tityrus on the slender pipe  
Thy woodland music We our fatherland  
Are leaving, we must shun the fields we love  
While, Tityrus, thou, at ease amid the shade,  
Bidd'st answering woods call Amaryllis 'fair'

**T**O Melibœus ! 'Tis a god that made  
For me this holiday for god I'll aye  
Account him, many a young lamb from my fold  
Shall stain his altar Thanks to him, my kine so  
Range, as thou seest them thanks to him, I  
play

What songs I list upon my shepherd's pipe

**M**For me, I grudge thee not, I marvel much  
So sore a trouble is in all the land  
Lo ! feeble I am driving hence my goats—

Nay dragging, Tityrus, one, and that with pain  
For, yearning here amidst the hazel-stems,  
She left her twin kids—on the naked flint  
She left them, and I lost my promised flock  
This evil, I remember, oftentimes,                   20  
(Had not my wits been wandering,) oaks fore-  
told

By heaven's hand smitten oft the wicked crow  
Croaked the same message from the rifted  
holm

T —Yet tell me, Tityrus, of this 'God' of thine  
The city men call *Rome* my folly deemed  
Was e'en like this of ours, where week by week  
We shepherds journey with our weanling flocks  
So whelp to dog, so kid (I knew) to dam  
Was likest and I judged great things by  
small

But o'er all cities this so lifts her head,           30  
As doth o'er osiers lithe the cypress tree

M What made thee then so keen to look on *Rome*?  
T Freedom who marked, at last, my helpless  
state

Now that a whiter beard than that of yore  
Fell from my razor still she marked, and  
came  
(All late) to help me—now that all my thought  
Is Amaryllis, Galatea gone

While Galatea s, I despured, I own,  
Of freedom, and of thirst Though from my farm  
Full many a victim stept, though rich the cheese 40  
Pressed for yon thankless city still my hand  
Returned not, heavy with bra's pieces, home  
*M* I wondered, Amaryllis, whence that woe,  
And those appeals to heav'n for whom the peach  
Hung undisturbed upon the parent tree  
Tityrus was gone! Why, Tityrus pine and till,  
And all these copses, cried to thee, "Come home!"  
*T* What could I do? I could not step from out  
My bonds, nor meet, save there, with Pow'rs so kind  
There, Melibœus, I beheld that youth 50  
For whom each year twelve days my altars smoke  
Thus answered he my yet unanswered prayer,  
" Feed still my lads, your line, and yoke  
your bulls"  
*M* Happy old man! Thy lands are yet thine own!  
Lands broad enough for thee, altho<sub>u</sub>h bare stones  
And marsh choke every field with reedy mud

Where, piles of shadow, thick the beeches rose :  
There, all alone, his unwrought phrases flung,  
Bootless as passionate, to copse and crag.

“ Hardhearted ! Naught car’st thou for all my  
songs,

Naught pitied. I shall die, one day, for thee.  
The very cattle court cool shadows now,  
Now the green lizard hides beneath the thorn : 10  
And for the reaper, faint with driving heat,  
The handmaids mix the garlic-salad strong.  
My only mates, the crickets—as I track  
’Neath the fierce sun thy steps—make shrill the  
woods.

Better to endure the passion and the pride  
Of Amaryllis - better to endure  
Menalcas—dark albeit as thou art fair,  
Put not, oh fair, in difference of hue  
Faith overmuch : the white May-blossoms drop  
And die , the hyacinth swart, men gather it. 20  
Thy scorn am I: thou ask’st not whence I am,  
How rich in snowy flocks, how stored with milk,  
O’er Sicily’s green hills a thousand lambs  
Wander, all mine : my new milk fails me not  
In summer or in snow Then I can sing  
All songs Amphion the Dircean sang,  
Piping his flocks from Attic Aracynth.  
Nor am I all uncouth. For yesterday,

When winds had laid the seas, I, from the shore,  
Beheld my image Little need I fear 30  
Daphnis, though thou wert judge, or mirrors lie  
—Oh ! be content to haunt ungentle fields,  
A cottager, with me, bring down the stag,  
And with green switch drive home thy flocks of kids.  
Like mine, thy woodland songs shall rival Pan's !  
—"Twas Pan first taught us reed on reed to fit  
With wax Pan watches herd and herdsman too  
—Nor blush that reeds should chafe thy pretty lip  
What pains Amyntas took, this skill to gain !  
I have a pipe—seven stalks of different lengths 40  
Compose it—which Damocles gave me once  
Dying he said, "At last 'tis all thine own !"  
The fool Amyntas heard, and grudged, the praise  
Two fawns moreover (perilous was the gorge  
Down which I tracked them !)—dappled still each  
skin—  
Drain daily two ewe udders, all for thee  
Long Thestylis has cried to make them hers  
Hers be they—since to thee my gifts are dross  
Be mine, oh fairest ! See ! for thee the Nymphs  
Bear baskets lily laden Naiads bright 50  
For thee crop poppy crests and violets pale,  
With daffodil and fragrant fennel bloom  
Then, weaving casia in and all sweet things,

Soft hyacinth paint with yellow marigold  
 Apples I'll bring thee, bair with tender bloom,  
 And chestnuts—which my Amaryllis loved,  
 And waxen plums let plums too have their day  
 And thee I'll pluck oh bay, and, myrtle, thee  
 Its neighbour neighbour'd thus your sweets shall

mix

—Pooh ! Thou 'rt a yokel, Corydon Thy love so  
 Laughs at thy gifts if gifts must win the day,  
 Rich is Iolas. What thing have I,  
 Poor I, been asking—while the winds and boars  
 Ran riot in my pools and o'er my flowers ?

—Yet, fool, whom fliest thou ? Gods have dwelt in  
 woods,

And Dardan Pans Citadels let her  
 Who built them, Pallas, haunt green woods for me  
 Grim hounds hunt the wolf and wolves the kid,  
 And kids at play the clover bloom I hunt  
 Thee only each one drawn to what he loves      70  
 See ! trailing from their necks the line bring home  
 The plough, and, as he sinks the sun draws out  
 To twice their length the shadows Still I burn  
 With love For what can end or alter love ?

Thou 'rt raving, simply raving, Corydon  
 Clings to thy leafy elm thy half pruned vine

Why not begin, at least, to plait with twigs  
 And bumber reeds some useful homely thing?  
 Thou'lt find another love, if scorned by this

## ECLOGUE III

MENALCAS DAMETAS PALLANUS

M

WHOSE flock, Dametas? Meliboeus's?  
 D No Ægona Ægon left it in my care  
 M Unluckiest of flocks! Your master courts  
 Neera, wondering if she like me more  
 Meanwhile a stranger milks you twice an hour,  
 Saps the flock's strength, and robs the suckling  
 lambs

D Yet flung more charily such words at men  
 You—while the goats looked goatish—we  
 know who,  
 And in what chapel—(but the kind Nymphs  
 laughed)—

M Then (was it?) when they saw me Micon's  
 shrubs  
 And young vines hacking with my rascally  
 knife?

Both count the flock twice daily, one the kids,  
 But what you'll own far handsomer, I'll stake  
 (Since you will be so mad) two beechen cups,  
 The carved work of the great Alcimedon  
 O'er them the chiseller's skill has traced a vine  
 That dapes with ivy pale her wide-flung curls.  
 Two figures in the centre Conon one, 40  
 And—what's that other's name, who'd take a  
 wand  
 And shew the nations how the year goes round,  
 When you should reap, when stoop behind the  
 plough?

No'er yet my lips came near them, safe hid up

D. For me two cups the selfsame workman made,  
 And clasped with lissom bair the handles  
 round \*

Orpheus i' the centre, with the woods behind  
 No'er yet my lips came near them, safe hid up  
 —This talk of cups, if on my cow you've fixed  
 Your eye, is idle

M. Nay you'll set this day 50  
 Escape me Name your spot, and I'll be there  
 Our utspire be—Palamon, here I o comes!  
 I'll teach you how to challenge folks to sing  
 D. Come on, if aught is in you I'm ait loth,  
 I shrank from no man Only, neighbour, thou  
 (Tis no small matter) lay this well to heart,

P Say on, since now we sit on softest grass,  
 And now buds every field and every tree,  
 And woods are green, and passing fair the year  
 Dametas, lead Menalcas follow next 60  
 Sing verse for verse such songs the Maeslove

D With Jove we open Jove fills everything,  
 He walks the earth he listens when I sing

M Me Phœbus loves I still have offerings meet  
 For Phœbus bay and hyacinth blushing sweet

D Me Galatea pelts with fruit and flies  
 (Wild girl) to the woods but first would catch  
 my eyes

M Unbid Amyntas comes to me, my flame,  
 With Deha's self my dogs are not more tame

D Gifts have I for my fair who marked but I 70  
 The place where doves had built their nest sky  
 high!

M I've sent my poor gift, which the wild wood  
 bore  
 Ten golden apples Soon I'll send ten more

D oft Galatea tells me—what sweet tales!  
 Waft to the god's ears just a part, ye gales

M At heart Amyntas loves me Yet what then?  
 He mates with hunters, I with servingmen

D Send me thy Phyllis, good Iolas now  
 To-day's my birthday When I slay my cow

To help my harvest—come, and welcome,  
thou

80

M Phyllis is my love When we part, she'll cry,  
And fain would bid Iolas' self good bye<sup>1</sup>

D Wolves kill the flocks, and storms the ripened  
corn,

And winds the tree, and me a maiden's scorn

M Rain is the land's delight, weaned Lids the  
vine

Big ewes' lthe willow, and one fair face mine

D Pollio loves well this homely muse of mine  
For a new votary fat a calf ye vine

88

M Pollio makes songs For him a bull demand,  
Who butts whosehoofs already spurn the sand

D Who loves thee, Pollio, go where thou art, one  
For him flow honey, thorns sprout cinnamon

M Who loathes not Bavius, let him love thy notes,  
Maevius —and yoke the fox, and milk he goats

D Flowers and ground strawberries while your  
prize ye make,

<sup>1</sup> Putting the vocative "Iolla" in line 79 as Mr. Ken edy does into the mouth of Menalcas, not of Phyllis, I would substitute these lines for my original ones —

Phyllis is my dear love She wept when I—  
(Yes I Iollas)—left her and "Good bye".  
She said "Iollas fair; a long Good bye"

Cold in the grass—fly hence, lads—lurks the  
—snake

*M.* Sheep, banks are treacherous: draw not over-  
nigh.

See, now the lordly ram his fleece doth dry

*D.* Tityrus, yon she goats from the river bring  
I in due time will wash them at the spring. 100

*M.* Call, lads, your sheep Once more our hands,  
should beat

O'ertake the milk, will press in vain the teat.

*D.* How rich these vetches, yet how lean my ox.  
Love kills ah'e the herdsman and the flocks

*M.* My lambs—and here love 's not in fault, you'll  
own—

Witched by some jealousy, are skin and bone.

*D.* Say in what land—and great Apollo be  
To me—heaven's arch extends just cubits three.

*M.* Say in what lands with kings' names grav'n  
are grown

Flowers—and be Phyllis yours and yours  
alone. 110

*P.* Not mine such strife to settle You have earned  
A cow, and you and whoso else shall e'er  
Shrink from love's sweets or prove his bitter-  
ness.

Close, lads, the springs. The meads have  
drunk enough.

## ECLOGUE IV.

**M**USES of Sicily, a loftier song  
Wake we ! Some tire of shrubs and myrtles  
low

Are woods our theme ? Then princely be the woods

Come are those last days that the Sybil sang  
The ages' mighty march begins anew  
Now comes the virgin, Saturn reigns again  
Now from high heaven descends a wondrous race  
Thou on the newborn babe—who first shall end  
That age of iron, bid a golden dawn  
Upon the broad world—chaste Lucina, smile 10  
Now thy Apollo reigns And, Pollio, thou  
Shalt be our Prince, when he that grander age  
Opens, and onward roll the mighty moons  
Thou, trampling out what prints our crimes have left,  
Shalt free the nations from perpetual fear  
While he to bliss shall waken, with the Blest  
See the Brave mingling, and be seen of them,  
Ruhng that world o'er which his father's arm shed  
peace —

On thee, child, everywhere shall earth, un-tilled,  
 Show'r, her first baby offerings, vagrant stems 20  
 Of ivy, foxglove, and gay briar, and bean,  
 Unhild the goats shall come big uddered home,  
 Nor monstrous lions scare the herded kine  
 Thy cradle shall be full of pretty flowers  
 Die must the serpent treacherous poison plants  
 Must die, and Syria's roses spring like weeds

But, soon as thou canst read of hero-deeds  
 Such as thy father wrought, and understand  
 What is true worth the champaign day by day  
 Shall grow more yellow with the waving corn, 30  
 From the wild bramble purpling then shall hang  
 The grape, and stubborn oaks drop honeydew  
 Yet traces of that gale of elder days  
 Shall linger, bidding men tempt seas in ships,  
 Gird towns with walls, cleave furrows in the land  
 Then a new Tiphys shall arise, to man  
 New argosies with heroes then shall be  
 New wars, and once more shall be bound for Troy,  
 A mightier Achilles

After this,

When thou hast grown and strengthened into  
 man,  
 The pilot's self shall range the seas no more, 41  
 Nor, each land teeming with the wealth of all,

The floating pines exchange their merchandise  
Vines shall not need the pruning hook, nor earth  
The harrow ploughmen shall unyoke their steers  
Nor then need wool be taught to counterfeit  
This hue and that At will the meadow ram  
Shall change to saffron, or the gorgeous tints  
Of Tyre, his fair fleece, and the grazing lamb  
At will put crimson on

So grand an age 50

Did those three Sisters bid their spindles spin,  
Three, telling with one voice the changeless will of  
Fate

Oh draw—the time is all but present—near  
To thy great glory, cherished child of heaven,  
Jove's mighty progeny! And lo! the world,  
The round and ponderous world, bows down to thee,  
The earth, the ocean tracts, the depths of heaven  
Lo! nature revels in the coming age  
Oh! may the evening of my days last on,  
May breath be mine, till I have told thy deeds! 60  
Not Orpheus then, not Linus, shall outsing  
Me though each vaunts his mother or his sire,  
Calliopea this, Apollo that  
Let Pan strive with me, Arcady his judge,  
Pan, Arcady his judge, shall yield the palm.

Learn, tiny babe to rend a mother's smile  
 Already ten long months have wearied her  
 Learn, tiny babe Hum, who ne'er knew such smiles,  
 Nor god nor goddess bids to board or bed

## ECLOGUE V

MENALCAS Morus

*Me*

**M**OPSUS, suppose, now two good men have  
 met—

You at flute blowing, as at verses I—

We sit down here, where elm and hazel mix

*Mo* Menalcas, meet it is that I obey,  
 Mine elder Lead, or into shade—that shifts  
 At the wind's fancy—or (may hap the best)  
 Into some cave See here is a cave o'er which  
 A wild vine flings her flimsy foliage 8

*Me* On these hills one—Amyntas—ties with you

*Mo* Suppose he thought to outsing Phœbus' self?

*Me* Mopsus, begin If aught you know of flames  
 That Phyllis kindles aught of Alcon's worth,  
 Or Codrus's ill temper, then begin

Tityrus meanwhile will watch the grazing kids.

*Mo.* Ay, I will sing the song which t'other day  
On a green beech's bark I cut, and scored  
The music, as I wrote Hear that, and bid  
Amyntas vie with me

*Mo.* As willow lith  
Yields to pale olive, as to crimson beds  
Of roses yields the lowly lavender, 20  
So, to my mind, Amyntas yields to you  
*Mo.* But, bid, no more we are within the cave

(*Sings*) The Nymphs wopt Daphnis, slain by  
ruthless death

Ye, streams and hazels, were their witnesses  
When, clasping tight her son's unhappy corpse,  
"Ruthless," the mother cried, "are gods and  
stars"

None to the cool brooks led in all those days,  
Daphnis, his fed flocks no four-footed thing  
Stooped to the pool, or cropped the meadow-  
grass 29

How lions of the desert mourned thy death,  
Forests and mountains wild proclaim aloud  
'Twas Daphnis taught mankind to yoke in cars  
The tiger, lead the winegod's revel on,  
And round the tough spear twine the bending  
leaf.

Vines are the green wood's glory, grapes the  
vine's

The bull the cattle's, and the rich man's corn  
Thou art thy people's When thou metst thy  
doom,

Both Pales and Apollo left our fields  
In furrows where we dropped big barley seeds,  
Spring now rank dandel and the barren reed  
Not violet soft and shining daffodil, 41  
But thistles rear themselves and sharp spiked  
thorn

Shepherds, strow earth with leaves, and hang  
the springs

With darkness! Daphnis asks of you such  
rites

And raise a tomb, and placethis rhyme thereon  
"Tamed in the green woods, famed beyond  
the skies,

A fair flock's fairer lord, here Daphnis lies"

Me Welcome thy song to me, oh sacred bard,  
As, to the weary, sleep upon the grass  
As, in the summer-heat, a babbling spring so  
Of sweetest water, that shall slake our thirst  
In song, as on the pipe, thy master's match,  
Thou, gifted lad, shalt now our master be  
Yet will I sing in turn, in my poor way,

My song, and raise thy Daphnis to the stars—

Raise Daphnis to the stars He loved me too

*Mo* Could aught in my eyes such a boon outweigh?

Song-worthy was thy theme and Stimichon

Told me long since of that same lay of thine

*Me* (Sings) Heaven's unfamiliar floor, and clouds  
and stars, 60

Fair Daphnis, wondering, sees beneath his feet

Therefore gay revelries fill wood and field,

Pan, and the shepherds, and the Dryad maids

Wolves plot not harm to sheep, nor nets to  
deer,

Because kind Daphnis makes it holiday

The unshorn mountains fling their jubilant voice

Up to the stars the crags and copes shout

Aloud, "A god, Menalcas, lo' a god"

Oh! be thou kind and good unto these own!

Behold four altars, Daphnis two for thee, 70

Two, piled for Phœbus Thereupon I'll place  
Two cups, with new milk foaming, year by  
year,

Two goblets filled with richest olive-oil.

And, first with much wine making glad the  
feast—

At the fireside in snowtime, 'neath the trees

In harvest—pour, rare nectar, from the can

The wines of Chios Lyctian Egen then

Shall sing me songs, and to Damon's pipe  
 Alpheus dance his Satyr dance  
 And this shalt thou lack never when we pay  
 The Nymphs our vows, and when we cleanse  
 the fields

St

While bears haunt mountain heights, and fishes  
 streams,

Bees feed on thyme, and grasshoppers on dew,  
 Thy name, thy needs thy glory shall abide  
 As Bacchus and as Ceres, so shalt thou  
 Year after year the shepherd a vows receive,  
 So bind him to the letter of his vow

Mo What can I give thee, what, for such a song ?  
 Less sweet to me the coming South wind's sigh,  
 The sea wave breaking on the shore, the noise  
 Of rivers, rushing through the stony vales or

Me First I shall offer you this brittle pipe  
 This taught me how to sing, " For one fair  
 face "  
 This taught me " Whose flock ? Meliboeus's ? "

Mo Take thou this crook, which oft Antigenes  
 Asked—and he then was loveable—in vain,  
 Brass tipped and even knotted—beautiful !

## ECLOGUE VI

*M*Y muse first stooped to trifles, like the Greek's,  
In numbers, and, unblushing, dwelt in woods  
I sang embattled kings but Cynthus plucked  
My ear, and warned me "Tityrus, fat should be  
A shepherd's wethers, but his lays thin drawn"  
So—for enough and more will strive to tell,  
Varus, thy deeds, and pile up grisly wars—  
On pipe of straw will I my wood notes sing  
I sing not all unbud Yet oh! should one  
Smit by great love, should one read this my lay—  
Then with thee, Varus, shall our myrtle groves,  
And all these copses, ring Right dearly loves  
Phœbus the page that opens with thy name

On, sisters!

—Chromis and Mnasylus saw  
(Two lads) Silenus in a cave asleep  
As usual, swoln with yesterday's debauch  
Just where it fell his garland lay hard by,  
And on worn handle hung his ponderous can  
They—for the old man oft had cheated each  
Of promised songs—draw near, and make his  
wreaths

Fetters to bind him A gle makes a third,  
 (A gle, the loveliest of the Naiad maidens.)  
 To buck their fears and, as his eyes unclose,  
 Paints brow and temples red with mulberry  
 He, houghing at the truck, cries, " Wherefore weare  
 These fetters? Lads, unbird me 'tis enough  
 But to have seemed to have me in your power.  
 Ye ask a song, then listen You I'll pay  
 With song for her I've other need in store"  
 And forthwith he begins Then might you see go  
 More to the music faun and forest beast,  
 And tall oaks bow their heads Not so delights  
 Parnassus in Apollo not so charmed  
 At Orpheus Rhodope and Ismarus

For this he sang — Now, drawn from that vast  
 void,

Gathered the germs of earth and air and sea  
 And liquid flame How the Beginning sprung  
 Thence, and the young world waxed into a ball  
 Then Earth, grown harder, walled the sea-god off  
 In seas, and slowly took substantial form 40  
 Till on an awed world dawned the wondrous sun,  
 And straight from heaven by clouds unbroken, fell  
 The showers as woods first bourgeoned, here and  
 there

A wild beast wandering over hills unknown.

Of Pyrrha casting stones, and Saturn's reign,  
The stolen fire, the eagles of the rock,  
He sings— and then, beside what spring last seen  
The sailors called for Hylas—till the shore  
All rang with 'Hylas,' 'Hylas'—and consoles  
(Happy if horned herds never had been born,) 50  
With some fair bullock's love Pasiphae.

Ah! hapless maid! What madness this of thine?  
Once a king's daughters made believe to sow,  
And ranged the leas but neither stooped to ask  
Those base beasts' love: though each had often  
feared

To find the ploughman's gear about her neck,  
And felt on her smooth brow for budding horns  
Ah! hapless maid! Thou roam'st from hill to hill  
He under some dark oak—his snowy side  
Cushioned on hyacinths—chews the pale-green  
grass, 60

Or woos some favourite from the herd "Close,  
Nymphs,

Dictæan Nymphs, oh close the forest-glades!  
If a bull's random footprints by some chance  
Should greet me! Lured, may be, by greener grass,  
Or in the herd's wake following, vagrant line  
May bring him straight into my father's fold!"  
—Then sings he of that maid who paused to gaze  
At the charmed apples:—and surrounds with moss,

Bitter tree-moss, the daughters of the Sun,  
 Till up they spring tall alders —Then he sings 70  
 How Gallus, wandering to Parnassus' stream,  
 A sister led to the Aonian hills,  
 And, in a mortal's honour, strugbt uprose  
 The choir of Phœbus How that priest of song,  
 The shepherd Lanus,—all his hair with flowers  
 And bitter parsley shining,—spake to him  
 "Take—lo ! the Muses give it thee—this pipe,  
 Once that Aæcrean's old to this would he  
 Sing till the sturdy mountain-ash came down  
 Sing thou on this, whence sprang Æolus's grove, 80  
 Till in no wood Apollo glory more "

So on and on he sang —How Nisus, famed  
 In story, troubled the Dulichian ships ,  
 And in the deep seas bid her sea-dogs rend  
 The trembling sailors Tereus' tale he told,  
 How he was changed what banquet Philomel,  
 What present, decked for him and how she flew  
 To the far wilderness , and flying paused—  
 (Poor thing)—to flutter round her ancient home

All songs which one day Phœbus sang to  
 charmed 90

Ecrotas—and the laurels learnt them off—  
 He sang. The thrilled vales fling them to the stars  
 Till Heper bade them house and count their flocks,  
 And journeyed all unwelcome up the sky.

## ECLOGUE VII

MELIBEUS, CORYDON, THYRSIS

M

DAPHNIS was seated 'neath a murmurous  
oak,

When Corydon and Thysus (so it chanced)  
Had driv'n their two flocks—one of sheep, and  
one

Of teeming goats—together herdsmen both,  
Both in life's spring, and able well to sing  
Or, challenged, to reply To that same spot  
I, guarding my young myrtles from the frost,  
Find my goat strayed, the patriarch of the  
herd

And straight spy Daphnis He, esp'ing me  
In turn, cries, "Meliurus! hither quick! so  
Thy goat, and kids, are safe And if thou  
hast

An hour to spare, sit down beneath the shade  
Hither unabid will troop across the leas  
The kine to drink green Mincius fringes here  
His banks with delicate bulrush, and a noise  
Of wild bees rises from the sacred oak"

What could I do? Alceste I had none,  
Nor Phyllis, to shut up my new-wesned lambs  
Then, there was war on foot—a mighty war—  
Thyrsus and Corydon!—So in the end 20  
I made my business wait upon their sport—  
So singing verse for verse—that well the Muse  
Might mark it—they began their singing-  
match

Thus Corydon, thus Thrysis sang in turn

(They sing.)

*O* "Ye Fountain Nymphs, my loves! Grant me  
to sing

Lake Codrus — next Apollo struck his lutes —  
Or here — if all may scarce do *everything* —

I'll hang my pipe up on these sacred pines."

T. "Swains! a new minstrel deck with ivy now,  
Till Codrus burst with envy! Or, should  
he

Flatter o'erwoch, twine foxglove o'er my brow,  
Lest this knave's-flattery spoil the bard to be "

*O* "To Dian, from young Micon this boar's head,  
And these broad antlers of a veteran buck'  
Full-length in marble—ancle bound with red  
Bushkins—I'll rear her, should to-day bring  
luck."

T " Ask but this bowl, Priapus, and this cake  
Each year for poor the garden thou dost  
keep.

Our small means made thee marble—whom  
we'll make

Of gold, should lambing multiply our  
sheep" 40

C. "Maid of the seas! more sweet than Hybla's  
thyme,

Graceful as ivy, white as is the swan!  
When home the fed flocks wend at evening's  
prime,

Then come—if aught thou cr'st for Cory-  
don"

T. "Hark! bitterer than wormwood may I be,  
Bristling as a broom, as drifted sea-weed cheap,  
If this day seem not a long year to me!"

Home, home for very shame, my o'er-fid  
sheep!"

C. "Ye mossy rills, and lawns more soft than  
dreams, 49

Thinly roofed over by these leaves of green  
From the great heat—now summer's come  
now teams

The jocund vine with buds—my cattle  
screen"

T. "Warm hearth, good faggots, and great fires  
you'll find

In my home black with smoke are all its  
planks:

## ECLOGUE VIII

**A**LPHE SIBŒUS'S and Damon's muse—  
Charmed by whose strife the steer forgot to  
graze,  
Whose notes made lynxes motionless, and bade  
Rivers turn back and listen—sing we next  
Alphe sibœus's and Damon's muse

Winn'st thou the crags of great Timavus now,  
Or skirtest strands where break Illyrian seas ?  
I know not But oh when shall that day dawn  
When I may tell thy deeds ? give earth thy lays,  
That match alone the pomp of Sophocles ? 10  
With thee began, with thee shall end, my song  
Accept what thou didst ask, and round thy brow  
Twine this poor ivy with thy victor bays

"Twas at the hour when night's cold shadow scarce  
Had left the skies, when, blest by herdsmen, hangs  
The dewdrop on the grass, that Damon leaned  
On his smooth olive staff, and thus began

"Wake, morning star ! Prevent warm day, and  
come !

While, duped and bumbled, I—because I loved  
 Nisa with all a husband's love—complain,      20  
 And call the gods, (though naught their cognizance  
 Availed,) at my last hour, a dying man.  
 Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady

" There forests murmur aye, and pines discourse,  
 And lovelorn swains, and Pan, who first reclaimed  
 From idleness the reed, hath audience there,  
 Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady

" Nisa—is aught impossible in love?—  
 Is given to Mopsus    Griffins next will mate  
 With mares    our children see the coward deer 30  
 Come with the hound to drink    Go, shape the  
 torch,  
 Mopsus! sing, bridegroom, nuts! Thou lead'st a  
 wife  
 Home, and o'er Εta peers the evening star  
 Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady

" Oh, mated with a worthy husband! thou  
 Who scorn'st mankind—abhorr'st this pipe, these  
 goats  
 Of mine, and chaggy brows, and hanging beard  
 Nor think'st that gods can see what mortals do!  
 Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady.

" Within our orchard walls I saw thee first      40  
 A wee child with her mother—(I was sent  
 To guide you)—gathering apples wet with dew  
 Ten years and one I scarce had numbered then  
 Could scarce on tiptoe reach the brittle booughs  
 I saw, I fell, I was myself no more  
 Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady

" Now know I what love is      On hard rocks  
 born  
 Tmaros, or Rhodope, or they who dwell  
 In utmost Africa do father him,  
 No child of mortal blood or lineage      50  
 Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady

" In her son's blood a mother dipped her hands  
 At fierce love's bidding      Hard was her heart  
 too—  
 Which harder? her heart or that knavish boy's?  
 Knavish the boy, and hard was her heart too.  
 Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady

" Now let the wolf first torn and fly the sheep:  
 Hard oaks bear golden apples      daffodil  
 Bloom on the alder and from myrtle-stems  
 Ooze richest amber      I let owls vie with swans;  
 And be as Orpheus—Orpheus in the woods,

Amor with the dolphins—every swain, 62  
 (Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady)

" And earth become mid ocean Woods,  
 farewell !

Down from some breezy mountain height to  
 the waves

I'll fling me. Take this last gift ere I die.  
 Unlearn, my flute, the songs of Arcady."

Thus Damon. How the other made reply  
 Sing, sisters Scarce may all do everything.

A " Fetch water wreatho yon altar with soft  
 wool. 70

And burn rich vervain and brave frankincense :  
 That I may try my lord's clear sense to warp  
 With dark rites Naught is lacking save the  
 songs.

Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city  
 home.

" Songs can bring down the very moon from  
 heaven

Circe with songs transformed Ulysses' crew.

Songs shall in sunder burst the cold grass  
 snake

Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city  
 home.

"Three threads about thee, of three several hues,  
I twine, and thrice—(odd numbers please the  
god)—

80

Carry thy image round the altar stones  
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home

"Weave, Ammaryllis, in three knots three hues  
Just weave and say 'I'm weaving chains of love'  
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home

"As this clay hardens, melts this wax, at one  
And the same flame so Daphnis 'neath my love  
Strew meal, and light with pitch the crackling bay  
Daphnis burns me, for Daphnis burn these bays  
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home 90

"Be his such longing as the heifer feels  
When, faint with seeking her lost mate through  
copse

And deepest grove, beside some water-brook  
In the green grass she sinks in her despair,  
Nor cares to yield possession to the night  
Be his such longing mine no wish to heal  
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home

"Pledges of love, these clothes the trutor once  
Bequeathed me I commit them, Earth, to thee

Here at my threshold He is bound by these. 100  
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home

“ These deadly plants great Mœris gave to me,  
In Pontus plucked in Pontus thou-sands grow  
By their aid here I seen him skulk in woods  
A wolf, unsepulchre the buried dead,  
And charm to other fields the standing corn  
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home

“ Go, Amaryllis, ashes in thy hand  
Throw them—and look not backwards—o'er thy  
head

Into a running stream These next I'll try 110  
On Daphnis who regards not gods nor songs  
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home

“ See! While I hesitate, a quivering flame  
Hath clutched the wood self issuing from the ash  
May this mean good! Something—for Hylas too  
Barks at the gate—it must mean Is it true?  
Or are we lovers dupes of our own dreams?  
Cease, songs, cease Daphnis comes from the city  
home!”

## ECLOGUE IX

LYCIDAS MÆRIS

L

**M**ÆRIS, on foot? and on the road to town?  
 M Oh Lycidas!—we live to tell—how  
 one—

(Who dreamed of this?)—a stranger—holds  
 our farm,

And says, "'Tis mine its ancient lords,  
 begone!"

Beaten, cast down—for Chance is lord of all—  
 We send him—bootlessly mayhap—these kids

**L** Yet all, I heard, from where we lose yon hills,  
 With gradual bend down-sloping to the brook,  
 And those old beeches, broken columns now,  
 Had your Menalcas rescued by his songs <sup>so</sup>

**M** Thou heardst Fame said so But our songs  
 avail,

Mæris, no more 'mid warspears than, they say,  
 Dodona's doves may, when the eagle stoops  
 A boding raven from a rifted oak  
 Warned me, by this means or by that to nip  
 This strange strife in the bud or dead were  
 now

Thy Mæris, dead were great Menalcas too

*L* Could such curse fall on man? Had we so  
near  
Lost thoo, Menalcas, and thy pleasantness?  
Who then would sing the nymphs? Who  
strow with flowers 20  
The ground, or train green darkness o'er the  
springs?  
And oh! that song, which I (saying ne'er a  
word)  
Copied one day—(while thou wert off to see  
*My darling, Am'ryllis*,)—from thy notes  
“ Feed, while I journey but a few short steps,  
Tityros, my goats and, Tityrus, when they've  
fed,  
Lead them to drink and cross not by the way  
The he-goat's path his horns are dangerous”  
*M* But that to Varus, that unfinished one!  
“ Varus! thy name, if Mantua still be ours— 30  
(Mantua! to poor Cremona all too near,)—  
Shall tuneful swans exalt unto the stars”  
*L* Begin, if in thee's aught So may not yews  
Of Cyrnus lure thy bees so, clover fed,  
Thy cattle teem with milk Me too the muse  
Hath made a minstrel I have songs, and me  
The swains call 'poet' But I heed them not.  
For scarce yet sing I as the great ones sing,  
But, a goose, cackle among piping swans.

M Indeed, I am busy turning o'er and o'er— 40  
In hopes to recollect it—in my brain  
A song, and not a mean one, Lycidas

“Come, Galatea! sport’st thou in the waves?  
Here spring is purpling, thick by river banks  
Bloom the gay flowers, white poplar climbs  
above

The caves, and young vines plait a roof  
between

Come! and let mad seas beat against the  
shore”

L What were those lines that once I heard thee  
sing,

All unaccompanied on a summer night—

I know the music, if I had the words 50

M “Daphnis! why watch those old-world planets  
rise?

Lo! onward marches sacred Cæsar’s star,  
The star that made the valleys laugh with corn,  
And grapes grow ruddier upon sunny hills  
Sow, Daphnis, pears, whereof thy sons shall  
eat”

—Time carries all—our memories e’en—away  
Well I remember how my boyish songs 57  
Would oft outlast the livelong summer day  
And now they’re all forgot His very voice  
Hath Morris lost on Mars, who’ve have looked

—But oft thou'lt hear them from Menalcas yet.  
*L.* Thy pleas but draw my passion out. And lo !  
 All hushed to listen is the wide sea-floor,  
 And laid the murmurings of the songing  
 winds.

And now we're half way there. I can descry  
 Bionor's grave. Here, Maeris, where the swains  
 Are raking off the thick leaves, let us sing.  
 Or, if we fear lest night meanwhile bring up  
 The rain clouds, singing let us journey on—  
 (The way will seem less tedious)—journey on  
 Singing : and I will ease thee of thy load.

*M* Cease, lad We'll do what lies before us  
 now :

Then sing our beat, when comes the Master  
 home

## ECLOGUE X.

### GALLUS

*O* II Arethuse, let this last task be mine !  
 One song—a song Lycoris' self may read—  
 My Gallus asks : who'd grudge one song to him ?  
 So, when thou shud'st beneath Sicilian seas,

May ne'er salt Dorns mix her stream with thine  
Begin and sing—while you blunt muzzles search  
The underwood—of Gallus torn by love  
We lack not audience woods take up the notes  
Where were ye, Nataid Nymphs, in grove or  
glen,

When Gallus died of unrequited love? 10  
Not heights of Pandus or Parnassus, no  
Aonian Aganippe kept ye then  
Him e'en the laurels wept and myrtle groves  
Stretch'd 'neath the lone cliff, puny Menalcas  
And chill Lycæum's stones all wept for him  
The sheep stood round They think not scorn  
And think not scorn, O priest of song, of them  
Sheep ifir Aubus ifea'd desire the drooks  
The shepherds came The lazy herdsmen came  
Came, from the winter acorns dripping wet, 20  
Menalcas "Whence," all ask, "this love of  
thine?"  
Apollo came and, "Art thou mad," he saith,  
'Gallus? Thy love, through bristling camp, and  
snows,  
Tracks now another's steps" Silvanus came,  
Crowned with his woodland glories to and fro  
Rocked the great lilies and the fennel bloom.  
Pan came, Arcadia's Pan (I have seen him, fed  
With elder berries and with cinnabar )

"Is there no end?" quoth he "Love heeds not  
this

Tears sate not cruel Love nor rills the leas, 30  
Nor the bees clover, nor green boughs the goat"  
But he rejoins sad faced "Yet sing this song  
Upon your hills, Arcadians! none but ye  
Can sing Oh! pleasantly will rest my bones,  
If pipe of yours shall one day tell my loves  
Oh! had I been as you are! kept your flocks  
Or gleaned, a vintager, your mellow grapes!  
A Phyllis, an Amyntas—whom you will—  
Had been my passion—what if he be dark?  
Violets are dark and hyacinths are dark — 40  
And now should we be sitting side by side,  
Willows around us and a vine o'erhead,  
He carolling, or plucking garlands she  
—Here are cold springs Lycoris, and soft lawns, 50  
And woods with thee I'd here decay and die  
Now, for grim war accoutred, all for love,  
In the fray's centre I await the foe  
Thou, in a far land—out the very thought!—  
Gazeest (ah wilful!) upon Alpine snows  
And the froz'n Rhine—without me—all alone! 50  
May that frost harm not thee! that jagged ice  
Cut ne'er thy dainty feet! I'll go, and play  
My stores of music—fashioned for the lyre  
Of Chalcis—on the pipe of Arcady

My choice is made In woods, mid wild beasts' dens,  
 I'll bear my love, and carve it on the trees  
 That with their growth, my loves may grow and  
 grow

Banded with nymphs I'll roam o'er Maenarus,  
 Or hunt swift boars, and circle with my dogs,  
 Unrecking of the cold, Parthenia's glades      60  
 Already over crag and ringing grove  
 I am borne in fancy laugh as I let loose  
 The Cretan arrow from the Parthian bow —

Pooh! will this heal thy madness? will that  
 Learn mercy from the agonies of men?  
 'Tis past again nymphs music, fail to please  
 Agamemnon. I shu' the very words begone *I do shu' to*  
 No deed of mine can change him tho' I drink <sup>now</sup> ~~now~~ 65  
 Hebrus in mid December tho' I plunge  
 In snows of Thrace, the dripping winter's snows  
 Tho', when the parched bark dies on the tall elm,  
 'Neath Cancer's star I tend the *Aethiop*'s sheep  
 Love's lord of all Let me too yield to Love

\*       \*       \*       \*

- Sung are, oh holy ones, your minstrel's songs:  
 Who sits here framing pipes with slender reed  
 In Gallus' eyes will ye enhance their worth  
 Gallus—for whom each hour my passion grows,

As a swell green alder<sup>a</sup> when the spring is young,  
I rise. The shadows are the singer's bane.  
Baneful the shadow of the juniper. 80  
E'en the flocks like not shadow. Go—the star  
Of morning breaks—go home, my full-fed sheep.